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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

No. 36083

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1955.

Price 30 Cents

COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

Rice System

NO matter how stoutly Government defends its new system of import and distribution control, it is perfectly clear the rice situation in Hongkong today is far from satisfactory. Reasonably fair comparisons show that prices here are considerably more than those ruling in places like Singapore and Macao, and the upward trend has developed since Government surrendered its position as a wholesale rice purchaser and placed the responsibility of maintaining the Colony's supplies and stockpile in the hands of approved importers.

The general public are not likely to miss the significance of the Civic Association's criticisms, which are carefully worded and clearly based on a lot of thorough research. Rice today is as much the staple-diet of the Colony as ever before. It is, therefore, a precious commodity which must, as far as possible, be protected from exploitation. If similar grades of rice can sell in Singapore at \$10 less a picul than here, then manifestly rice is being exploited to the detriment of the consumer.

In relieving itself of the task of trading in rice, Government introduced a "closed shop" system which at the time raised doubts in the minds of the community. At the most it was felt the system should be regarded as being on trial; that it had to justify itself; and that if it failed to do so, Government should apply the necessary modifications. Indications are that the system possesses too many shortcomings and that it needs revising. Its worst effect is that it has developed a monopoly and, as the Civic Association points out, "the incentive to keep down profit margins in the wholesale trade has been removed." The effect of this is inevitable—retail prices advance.

Molotov  
On The  
Way Out?

Gromyko Tipped As  
His Successor

New York, Mar. 25. A Washington dispatch from Robert S. Allen in the New York Post tonight said Mr. Vyacheslav Molotov would soon be dismissed as Soviet Foreign Minister.

Allen said the National Security Council, the top policy body to the United States, had received a special report to this effect from "exceptional sources from behind the iron curtain and diplomats."

He said these informants included the American Ambassador in Moscow, Mr. Charles E. Bohlen.



In their opinion, Mr. Andrei Gromyko, former Ambassador to Britain and now First Deputy Foreign Minister, would become the new Foreign Minister, Allen said.

These experts did not expect Mr. Molotov to be executed as was Levrenti Beria, the secret police chief, but to be "stripped of all authority and shelved."

The New York Post report said that Red Army Marshals had not forgotten that it was Mr. Molotov whom Stalin used to "counter the military in both domestic and foreign matters."

—Reuter.

Police Inspector  
Sentenced

Nairobi, Mar. 25.

Kenya police inspector George Horfall, 24-year-old former Leeds policeman, who was extradited from Britain earlier this year, was sentenced here today to 18 months' hard labour for perjury. — China Mail Special.

CIVIL WAR IMMINENT  
IN INDO-CHINA

Armies Deployed  
In Saigon Area

ZERO HOUR TODAY

Saigon, Mar. 25.

With tension mounting, the Vietnam government and the opposition private armies both hurried strong reinforcements into the Saigon area today in the sharpest crisis since the Indo-China truce of last year.

Zero hour is the expiry tomorrow of an ultimatum from the warlords for extensive Cabinet changes, resisted by the Catholic Premier, Ngo Dinh Diem.

The Premier had a 90-minute meeting with representatives of the Opposition but no firm settlement was reached as the heads of the three private armies did not attend and their delegates had no authority to commit them. A further meeting is expected tomorrow.

Eight Ministers representing the united Nationalist front are expected to resign when the ultimatum expires tomorrow. The police fear their action may be the signal for strikes and violence in Saigon.

Military sources said Diem had brought five battalions including a crack parachute unit into the area today.

Four battalions of the Hoa Hao religious sect private army were sent in to reinforce the Opposition strength.

Government troops mounted guard over the ministries and other strategic points and some were stationed within grenade throwing distance of the green beret commandos of the Binh Xuyen, one of the private armies.

WITH THEIR TROOPS

General Tran Van Soai, leader of the Hoa Hao and Phan Cong Tac, Pope of the Cao Dai sect, were both with their troops outside Saigon. General Le Van Vien, head of the Binh Xuyen army, said he was unable to be there because of a sore foot.

Ex-Empress Bao Dai, Vietnam Chief of State, from his villa in Cannes on the French Riviera was reported to have cabled an appeal to both sides to settle their quarrels.

French troops were alerted in their barracks here but official French sources have said they will take no part in the internal struggle in Vietnam. France's agreement with Vietnam allows her troops to act only to protect French lives and property unless the state is invaded.

The American aircraft carrier, Wyndham Bay, was today docked in Saigon river in the heart of the city but the American authorities said it was "not for emergency purposes."

SCANT HOPE

Political observers tonight saw scant hope of an 11th hour agreement.

Sources in close touch with the private armies say the warlords are planning to organise strikes in Saigon and cut off the

China Mail  
Feature  
Highlights

Here are the highlights of today's feature section:  
P. 5: "The man who never died," by John Walton.  
P. 8: Titles for sale in England? Julian Symonds tells the story of one of the century's biggest scandals.  
P. 7: "Where women boast of murdering," John Redfern's report on the biggest problem of Mau Mau country.  
P. 13: Sir Beverley Baxter's weekly report from London.  
P. 18 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

East German  
Government  
Takes Action

Berlin, Mar. 25.

The East German government declared tonight it had begun to take measures for the protection of the country in accordance with the declaration of the Moscow conference of December 3, 1954.

The statement said the measures were also taken in accordance with the resolution of the Volkskammer (Lower House of Parliament) of December 3, 1954.

The announcement gave no details of the measures but the Volkskammer resolution referred to a call for the creation of an East German army in case of ratification of the Paris agreements.

A WARNING

Today's statement said the West German Bundestag (Lower House of Parliament) and the Volkskammer (Upper House of Parliament) were bearing "full responsibility for all consequences resulting from their decisions."

The East German government expected the German people to "continue their struggle against the Paris treaties."

The declaration described as "misleading" West German assumptions that ratification of the Paris agreements was favouring German reunification and that negotiations about a solution of the German question would be held shortly.

It ascribes the measures to the "new situation" created by West German ratification of the Paris treaties. — Reuter.

BILL APPROVED

Paris, Mar. 25.

The National Assembly Finance Committee today approved the bill granting the government special economic, social and fiscal powers.

Voting was 21 to 16, with seven abstentions. The bill was very slightly modified. Premier Edgar Faure has requested special powers to deal with financial reform. — France-Press.

Disarmament  
Talks: True  
Position

London, Mar. 25.

Russia has accepted the Western proposal that world disarmament should take place in three stages but has disagreed over the extent to which armed forces should be reduced.

This was disclosed tonight by Mr. Jules Moch, French delegate at the five-nation disarmament conference taking place here.

M. Moch also disclosed—as a counter to what the Western powers describe as "distorted" Soviet leaks from the supposedly secret talks—that East-West divergence still persists over international control of any disarmament measures agreed.

The French representative called a press conference tonight to complain that Mr. Andrei Gromyko, Soviet First deputy Foreign Minister, had gone back on his promise of secrecy by giving an interview to Tass, Soviet news agency, yesterday. — Reuter.

No London  
Evening Papers

London, Mar. 25.

Striking printshop-electricians and maintenance workers held a mass meeting here today and decided to continue their one-day-old strike after talks with management representatives had failed.

The strike, which tied up the printshops and prevented the London evening papers from publishing today, is expected to last all week-end. — France-Press.

Bevan's  
Last  
Chance

Next Tuesday Will  
Decide His Fate

London, Mar. 25.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan, left-wing politician, now facing the threat of expulsion from the Labour Party, has agreed to appear next Tuesday before a special eight-member committee of his official leaders, political sources said today.

Labour right-wings made a move to eject Mr. Bevan from the party at Wednesday's meeting of the National Executive Committee.

By a single vote, he was "reprimanded" for a week so that the special committee could interview him and seek assurances about his future political conduct.

FRIENDS ANXIOUS

Mr. Bevan's friends tonight expressed anxiety about Tuesday's "inquisition." They believe that if the left-winger shows unwillingness to give categorical promises to obey party rules in future he will be in danger of expulsion the next day when the executive reconvenes to hear the report of the special tribunal.

The left-winger has only one acknowledged supporter in the committee—Miss Elizabeth Caddy, a Bevanite. But in the interests of securing party unity, Mr. Clement Attlee, the party chief, might lead a fresh move to save him.

The left-winger's friends declare that Mr. Bevan's decision before the committee is likely to settle his fate one way or the other. They are hopeful if he keeps his pride and emotions in check, he may still save himself. — Reuter.

British Warship  
Damaged

Naples, Mar. 25.

Damage estimated at £1,725 sterling was suffered by the British Daring class destroyer, Excalibur, in a collision with the 9,844-ton American ship Excambion in Naples harbour yesterday.

The blow wrenched the 2,610-ton destroyer from its moorings and it bumped its stern against the quay.

Damage to the Excambion which belongs to the American Export Lines, was estimated at £172. The damage was repaired here and the vessel, which had come from Marsailles, left for Alexandria last night.

The Naples port authorities declared tonight that the Excambion was inching up to the quay when the collision occurred. An inquiry is in progress. — China Mail Special.

TODAY'S RACING  
SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Fleetmaster  
Desert Gold  
V. I. P.  
Outsider: Tune-Phone.

RACE 2

Matador  
Rebel II  
Flying Dutchman  
Outsider: Emperor Delight.

RACE 3

Gladious  
Wild Cat  
Gracechurch  
Outsider: South Pacific.

RACE 4

Misty Law  
Raja  
Bashful Beauty II  
Outsider: Helicon.

RACE 5

Huntington  
Cassia  
Marietta  
Outsider: Clonfleckle.

RACE 6

Good Girl  
Hiram C  
Harmony  
Outsider: Ringway.

RACE 7

Ironsides  
Strathpeffer  
Pearl of Hongkong  
Outsider: Tip Top.

RACE 8

Prince Dahlia  
Avoca  
Allied Victory  
Outsider: The Stranger.

RACE 9

Beat That  
Beautiful Lie  
Crackerjack  
Outsider: Star-glo.

RACE 10

Conqueror  
Armament  
Straight Flush  
Outsider: Honey Dew.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Fleetmaster  
Gallant Knight  
Tune-Phone  
Outsider: Blondie.

RACE 2

Matador  
Flying Dutchman  
Rebel II  
Outsider: Precious Mine.

RACE 3

Wild Cat  
South Pacific  
Dashing Beauty II  
Outsider: Korrera.

RACE 4

Misty Law  
Helicon  
Vendetta  
Outsider: Bashful Beauty II.

RACE 5

Marietta  
Rainbow  
Huntington  
Outsider: Anna.

RACE 6

Hiram C  
Good Girl  
Fel Chi  
Outsider: Ringway.

RACE 7

Tip Top  
King Rider  
Ironsides  
Outsider: Bayshore.

RACE 8

United Victory  
Prince Dahlia  
Avoca  
Outsider: Aan Hing.

RACE 9

Potentially  
Ambition  
Beautiful Star  
Outsider: L'Arc Triomphe.

RACE 10

Conqueror  
Honey Dew  
Straight Flush  
Outsider: New Love.

Home Truths For British  
Textile Industry

Bury, Mar. 25.

A leading Manchester mill-owner, Colonel W. A. Grierson, called here for "a radical surgical operation" in the structure of the British textile industry.

Only by modernisation and up-to-date ideas could it hope to compete with the rest of Europe, he told textile mill shareholders here last night.

Obsolete and uneconomic mills should be scrapped voluntarily, he said. Their numbers could be halved and proper two-shift working arranged and a standing joint committee of employers' organisations and the trade unions should be set up to work out new wage structures.

"The industry is at the crossroads," he declared. "The sellers market is finished. The creamy froth and the honeymoon is gone and we are down to brass tacks. A radical surgical operation is necessary in the structure of the industry." — China Mail Special.

Newspaperman  
Arrested

Cairo, Mar. 25.

A French newspaperman, Richard Didier, who is an editor of the newspaper Le Matin in Beirut, was arrested by police here today as he was about to leave for the Lebanon with an estimated \$2,557,000 worth of foreign currency, gold, jewellery and travellers' cheques.

The police said Didier, who arrived here on March 18, from Beirut, carried his precious cargo in a money belt under his armpits. — France-Press.

**MILL**  
PILSNER BEER

HOLLAND'S Finest

Sole Agents: PEHACO LTD.  
Marina House Tel. 31251-3

Unsurpassed!  
New **HIGHER OCTANE**  
**IC-PLUS**  
Caltex  
Brings New Life to your Engine

**Gasoline**  
OCTANE  
MEANS  
POWER

**Tropical Science**

In the hotter corners of the Earth, it is only the untutored or the morbid who consult thermometers and watch the mercury rise. The true initiate consults his bottle of Rose's and observes the lime juice fall. By this delightful method he can calculate (within a few noggins) the shade temperature and the sun's position in the heavens. He can also rest assured that Rose's Lime Juice, squeezed from the pick of the world's most refreshing fruit, will leave him calm, collected, and very cool.

**ROSE'S**  
Lime Juice  
—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE



## KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

## SHOWING TO-DAY

It's the talk of the town!  
Nominated for 4 Academy Awards!



JAMES STEWART  
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S  
REAR WINDOW  
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

GRACE KELLY · WENDELL COREY · THELMA RITTER  
with RAYMOND BURR · Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK · Screenplay by  
JOHN MICHAEL HAYES · BASED ON THE SHORT STORY BY JIMMY CARRISON · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

## KING'S &amp; EMPIRE

EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW  
"REAR WINDOW"

KING'S at 11.30 A.M. EMPIRE at 12 Noon

## PRINCESS

TO-MORROW  
EXTRA MORNING SHOW  
At 11.00 a.m.

WARNER BROS.

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS in CinemaScope  
AT REDUCED PRICES

AT 12.20 P.M.

M.P. FILMS presents a fantastic Indian Picture

"GUL-BAHAR"

Starring Shakila, Hemant, Kuldip, Randhi.

AT REGULAR PRICES

## LEE Theatre

AIR-CONDITIONED, OZONIZED AND WARM

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

## SHOWING TO-DAY

SONJA ZIEMANN  
RUDOLF PRACK



WITH  
ENGLISH SUBTITLES

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.00 NOON

20th Century-Fox Presents

MIGHTY MOUSE COLOUR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

## NEW YORK · GREAT WORLD

Causeway Bay, Tel. 78721 Kowloon, Tel. 53500

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

WHEN SIN AND SAVAGERY  
RULED MONTANA TERRITORY!

BARBARA STANWYCK  
RONALD REAGAN



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.  
NEW YORK: Walt Disney's TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
GREAT WORLD: Walt Disney's "PETER PAN"

ORIENTAL  
AIR-CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30  
& 9.30 P.M.

ON OUR GIANT WIDE SCREEN



Special Morning Show To-morrow at 12.30 P.M.  
BUD & LOU in "JACK AND THE BEAN STALK"

## FILMS — CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS



James Stewart looks through the "Rear Window"

CinemaScope  
In French

France's first CinemaScope movie is about ready, and according to its star, Dany Robin, it's going to make Hollywood take notice.

The French wouldn't have been true to their name had they selected anything but "Fren Frun," a slightly naughty movie, she explains, glorifying the Paris of the cabarets and gay bistros.

"It's the story of a little flower girl who becomes a great star of the cabaret," confided wide-eyed, petite Dany.

"You will see Paris girls do the hoop-la in CinemaScope like you've never seen it before. And the Moulin Rouge, and a reckless, breathless Paris of years gone by. If CinemaScope has been put to the acid test, this is it!"

Actually, the French movie is partly Italian, for director Genina was brought up from Rome, along with a couple of performers and additional cash provided by Italian partners. The movie is Europe's great wide-screen extravaganza, and the producers aren't sparing the francs and lire. Famous Moulin Rouge was reproduced on a mammoth soundtrack as were other landmarks identified with Paris of the early 20th Century. The story covers a span of time from 1912 to the present, and great pains have been taken to populate it with personages of Paris night life the bonvivants would recognize.

She freely admits that she and her own husband are a pair of maladjusted mistlewives, but as they are still just as much in love in spite of it, she trusts him to throw his very well-founded doubts as to his fitness for Grace Kelly to the winds and marry the girl immediately.

If you can only see one film over the week-end, then my advice is to pick the one showing at three cinemas—"Rear Window." With the exception of the King's, Princess and Empire the other theatres seem to be holding their fire for Easter and while, according to your tastes, you might find something you like in parts of the rest, the Hitchcock picture offers the best all-round entertainment.

In "The Rear Window," Hitchcock is making another of his familiar journeys into the jungle of suspense and I think that his time has been captured a little.

He doesn't crowd his screen with a lot of characters, in spite of the number of lives into which Peeping Tom, James Stewart, can look—it is only in the presence of his principal player that we participate in a perspective from the rear window, leading us to suppose that the events we see through Stewart's eyes are other than what they seem.

James Stewart is confined to his rooms in an apartment block by a broken leg. Being a newspaper photographer by profession he naturally gravitates towards the window to watch while he cannot work, and everything he sees from there, we see with him. Things that are hidden from him, sitting in his wheel chair, are hidden from us.

At first, thought this may seem to be rather an unpleasant form of amusement, reminding one of a sour faced, nasty minded old lady furiously peering through her curtains in the hope of catching somebody in an unguarded moment. There's nothing lurid about James Stewart however. All his interesting neighbours are free to watch him observing them and it is only when he thinks that a crime has been committed by one of them that he resorts to the telescope and seat in "the shadow away from the window."

## WIDE OPEN

The temperature is high in New York and everybody, with windows wide open and curtains pulled well back is too hot to care how much of his life the neighbours can see. In Greenwich Village, where Hitchcock was clever enough to get his picture, the dwellers in come rule cut air conditioners! The feeling of heat comes over extremely well—the muted voices of children and the lazy hooting of cars filtering up through the alleyway to Stewart's room in just the three tones of a stifling summer's day. And when the camera catches an orange slice at the beginning of an evening that, far from bringing relief, only promises an uncomfortably sticky night, the tension is set at just the right degree for us to move on out into the story.

James Stewart's only two regular visitors during the course of his enforced idleness are the insurance company's nurse, Thelma Ritter, and the beautiful girl who hopes to make him marry her—Grace Kelly. Thelma Ritter keeps up a running stream of conversation that patters along so swiftly that it is difficult at times to catch it all. This is a pity, because in spite of the fact that many of her remarks are com-

wild west as all the hargraves before her. She faces marauding Blackfeet, land grabbers, cattle thieves and hired killers with equal level-headedness. Her few tears are reserved for her father, killed off comparatively early in the picture.

Genet Bogauss is the producer and Ronald Reagan co-star.

## FLYNN RETURNS

Errol Flynn will soon be seen here in "Lilies in the Spring" with Anna Neagle, and his fans will have a chance this week, just before the new film arrives, of taking a look at their hero as he appeared in 1946.

For some reason we seem to be getting quite a few pictures of this vintage recently and "San Antonio" is the latest.

Alexis Smith, who has disappeared from the screen since those days is cast opposite him as a rather refined dance hall girl of the west and Paul Kelly and Victor Francen are respectively tight-lipped and suave.

Law abiding Errol is cleaning up the west in "San Antonio". Not entirely disinterestedly however, being a cattle owner, he's the automatic enemy of the organized bands of outlaws stealing and killing in the Badlands of Texas. His opponents are Victor Francen and Paul Kelly, with S.Z. "Cuddles" Sakall being either amusing or irritating according to your feelings about him.

Another link between this western and the forthcoming musical is that Flynn dances in both.

## SLOW WESTERN

"White Feather" has to do with the surrender of the Cheyenne tribe of Red Indians to the U.S. Cavalry in 1870. Robert Wagner's voice off screen at the beginning of this CinemaScope affair tells us that with the exception of the portrayal of Indians by white men, all that is shown in the picture is true.

Perhaps it would have been better if the makers had used a little horse action to pep up the tale, for I'm forced to admit that for a western it moves very, very slowly.

As always in CinemaScope pictures of the outdoors, the scenery is impressive, but that, plus the looks of Robert Wagner and Debra Paget are not sufficient to hold the attention for one and a half hours.

I admired Wagner for the control he showed in the many scenes in which dialogue and action were at a minimum and everything had to be played at half speed while attempting to keep the audience's attention. Educated Franz too, as Chief Broken Hand has dignity and sincerity, but his son Jeffrey Hunter and his friend Hugh O'Brian seemed most unhappy in their parts.

Virginia Leith, who appeared as an impressive newcomer (you will probably remember her as the artist in "The Black Widow") has a routine role that won't do much to advance her career and John Lund is a conventional U.S. Army colonel.

The New Films At A Glance  
SHOWING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Rear Window". Alfred Hitchcock's thriller showing all that can be seen through an apartment window. James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Thelma Ritter and Wendell Corey.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Betrayed". Spies and counter-spies in Holland during the war. Lana Turner, Clark Gable and Victor Mature.

LEE: "The Girl Thief of Baghdad". A German picture, on the lines of "The Arabian Nights". The German actors speak their own tongue, but there are English subtitles to help you follow the story when the pantomime gets too obscure.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "San Antonio". A western with Texas as the setting for a running fight against cattle rustlers. Errol Flynn and Alexis Smith.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "White Feather". A western in the new style, with some good redskins, some bad. Robert Wagner, Debra Paget.

## COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Northwest Passage". An outdoor film about the pioneering days in America's northwest. Spencer Tracy, Robert Young.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Sign of the Cross". Alleged incidents in the life of Attila the Hun. Jack Palance, Jeff Chandler, Linda Lee, Patricia and Rita Gam.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Lilies in the Spring". A screen version of the stage musical "The Glorious Days". Anna Neagle, Errol Flynn, David Farrar and Peter Graves.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Bounty Hunter". A western men hunt in which three train robbers are the quarry. Randolph Scott and Marie Windsor.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Racers". The lives and loves of the men who live for the excitement of car racing. Kirk Douglas, Bette Davis, Cesar Romero and Katy Jurado.



COMING TO THE LEE THEATRE

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

## SHOWING TO-DAY



## TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

## QUEEN'S

5 SHOWS

"San Antonio"

EXTRA PERFORMANCE

AT 11.30 A.M.

## ALHAMBRA

AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

Columbia's Technicolor  
"HELL BELOW ZERO"  
with Alan Ladd

At Reduced Prices!

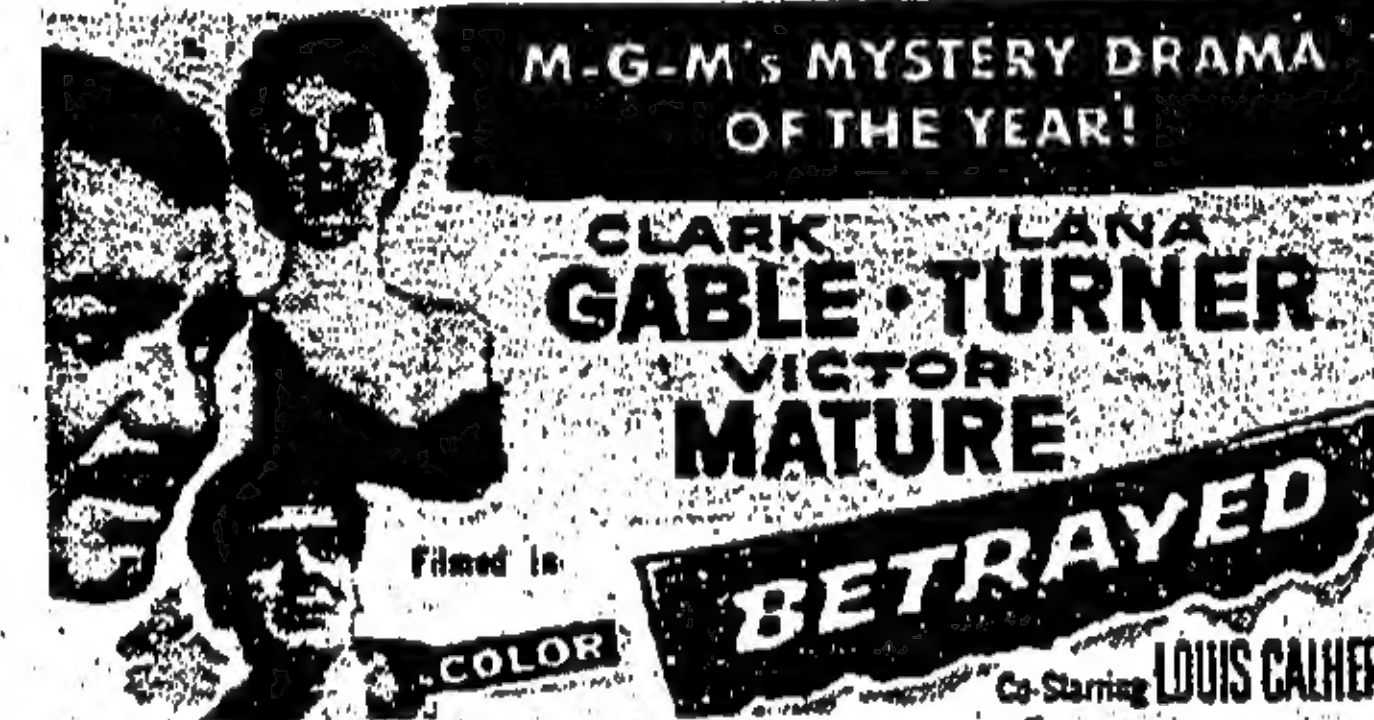
## HOOVER · LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY, TEL. 72371 KOWLOON, TEL. 80333

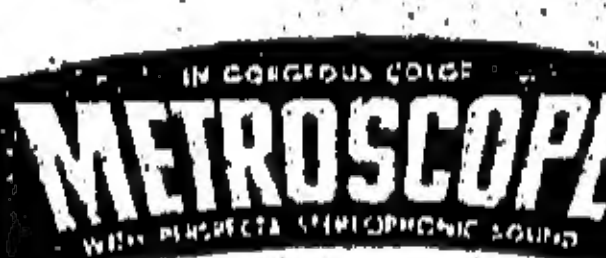
## TO-DAY

2.30, 5.20, 7.30  
and 9.40 p.m.

## The 8th Day! Still Going Strong!



The Secret Three Meet  
One is the betrayer  
and two the betrayed!



Sunday Morning Matinee At Reduced Admission

HOOVER at 12.00 noon

LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.

Abbott & Costello in

Lana Turner in

"LOST IN A HAREM"

"THE MERRY WIDOW"

Adm. 70 Cts. \$1.00, \$1.50

Adm. \$1.00 & \$1.50

## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

## ★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:  
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



Printed by TECHNICOLOR in the wonder of High-Fidelity Direction! STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND!  
ROBERT WAGNER · JOHN LUND · DEBRA PAGET · JEFFREY HUNTER

A Paramount Production  
Released by 20th Century-Fox

ADDED ATTRACTION: CinemaScope Short Subject  
"EL TORO" in Technicolor.

ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow,  
Extra Performance At 12.00 Noon.

## CAPITOL RITZ

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



AT THE CAPITOL

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

Universal-International presents

"YANKEE PASHA"

with Jeff CHANDLER · Rhonda FLEMING  
in Technicolor At 40 Cts. 70 Cts. \$1.20



## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## London's Pied Piper Brings 'Em Back Alive

Uses Sherlock Holmes Methods To Catch Rats

London. WHEN William Dalton was a small boy, his father took him into the depths of a factory cellar and invited him to match his wits with a rat's.

Young Will—like his ancestors since 1710—got his rat, and he has been getting them ever since—alive!

Now a cheerful 60, Dalton is the nearest thing to hereditary piper in all London town. What's more, there are 18 other Daltons active and William briefs them nightly in the drafty offices of the clan as Big Ben strikes midnight.

Then, they scatter, sons, brothers, nephews, cousins, to meet again at dawn and recount the adventures of the night over cups of tea. They count up their night's catch—living, because the Daltons are rat catchers, not rat killers.

## Coat Of Arms

"Make that clear," scowled William. "Anyone, even you, could snort, poisoned potatoes or apples and maybe kill a rat or two. But we Daltons match our knowledge every night against a rat's cunning. No traps, no poison, no dogs, no ferrets."

He proudly displays the family coat of arms, awarded in the days of Queen Victoria for cleaning the rats out of Buckingham Palace.

"We've been in the profession since 1710," he said. "My ancestors caught live rats for the fighting pits where they used to match rats against

ferrets or dogs. Look at this picture."

It was an old print of a dog in hot pursuit of half a dozen rats. The caption read: "Bully, the celebrated rat killing dog, performing his wonderful feat of killing 100 rats in five minutes and a half, April, 22, 1823."

"A Dalton supplied the rats," said William.

Like Sherlock Holmes

William is reluctant to reveal his methods.

"I work like Sherlock Holmes," he said. "When we are asked to clear a premises, I visit the site during the day and pick up clues. Ah ha, Mr Rat may think he doesn't leave them, but he does!"

The Daltons have a secret way of sealing a hole from a distance when the rat goes out to feed and a secret box in which it is glad to flee when he realises he is losing the battle of wits.

The Daltons send most of the rats to laboratories for experiments.

William dropped one bit of intelligence about rats. They have an uncanny knack of picking out the best things to eat. Once he said, he was surprised to find they had eaten the cheapest sausages in a warehouse.

"Confidentially," the warehouse owner told William, "the cheaper sausages are better."—United Press.

## U.S. Gallery Gets First Dali Painting

Nuclear Metaphysics Theory Of Art

New York.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has acquired its first painting by the contemporary Spanish painter, Salvador Dali. A gift of art collector Chester Dale, the painting is called "The Crucifixion" and is on display in the Metropolitan's Great Hall at the moment.

The six-foot-high canvas was described by the Vatican Radio



Salvador Dali

as "a most significant creation of modern religious art" after it was exhibited in Rome last year.

Dr. Theodore Rousseau, Jr., curator of paintings at the Metropolitan, described the Dali work as "a very interesting picture with great beauty" and said it had "very little surrealistic eccentricities."

Dali said the painting, which represents a figure, looking up at the body of Christ on the Cross, was an application of his theory of "nuclear metaphysics."—United Press.

## DANGER OF "AMIALE CONTEMPT"

Chicago.

"Egghed" and "absent-minded Professor" jokes are creating an untimely situation, according to three educators.

They said that "good-natured" or "not," "amiable contempt" for intellectuals is making it more difficult to staff colleges.

The three addressed the 10th National Conference on Higher Education here recently.

Thomas H. Hamilton, a dean at Michigan State College, said it's tough enough to get able young men and women to enter college teaching.

Typing professors as "intellectual eggheads" makes it even tougher, he said.

Henry David, Executive Secretary of the National Manpower Council, Columbia University, said "our dominant attitudes assign a low value to intellectual endeavor, to the worth of education for its own sake."

M. Eunice Hilton, dean of the College of Home Economics at Syracuse University, said the public's attitude is to blame for the increasingly lower percentage of women who enter college.

This trend will continue "as such ideas persist that higher education is a luxury for the woman who intends to marry or that an educated woman is useless in the role of wife and mother," she said.—United Press.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Dad says since we all enjoy the garden, all of us ought to work in it—are you game to remind him?"

## Mountaineers Plan Assault On A Himalayan Giant

Zurich.

A small Nepalese village will soon make its appearance in the world press as the dateline for reports on the activities of ten men who have set out to add yet another 26,000-foot mountain-peak to the list of those conquered by man.

Bani, a small cluster of huts at the entrance to the Mayangdi-Khola Valley, will soon be the centre of bustling activity when the six German and four Swiss members of the 1955 Dhaulagiri expedition assemble there with their equipment to start the fourth attempt to reach the 28,811-foot summit of the eighth highest mountain in the Himalayas.

Three previous attempts to reach the wind-swept mountain top have failed. In 1950, a French group had to give up after three weeks due to faulty maps. Trouble with their Sherpas forced the Swiss back in 1953, and an expedition from Argentina had to give up only a few hundred feet from the tantalizing goal.

Preparations for the new Swiss-German attempt began in 1953, when two groups of mountain climbers in both countries independently started making plans for an expedition to the Himalayas.

Combined Forces. By pure chance, the members of these groups knew each other, and in 1954 they decided "to combine forces and show the world that two different nations (in their mentality and viewpoint) could join forces in an enterprise connected with life or death."

Time and weather permitting, the mountaineers intend to leave Bani before April 5, and set up their base camp at the other end of the Mayangdi-Khola Valley, some 14,000 feet above sea level.

For the final assault, the last camp used by the Argentine expedition a few hundred feet below the summit of the Dhaulagiri will be used. The South-Americans were forced to give up when the monsoon storms made further ascent impossible.

The monsoon will also play an important part in this year's expedition, for should the Swiss-German group succeed before the storms start, they also plan to try to scale the 24,000-foot Dhaulagiri, which would make them the first expedition ever to have attacked that Himalayan peak.

## This Toy Bird Really Flies

New York.

An Army engineer has designed a mechanical bird that actually flaps its wings and flies.

The bird, which has a 15-inch wingspread, is to go on display with the opening of the American Toy Fair soon. The designer, Major William Sears, is now on duty in Iceland. Officials said he got the idea after years of studying birds in flight.

The toy bird has a rubber-band motor connected to a drive unit that whips the wings up and down, making the bird swoop, soar and dive.—United Press.

## Stuck With Homework?

## Here's The Answer To A Schoolboy's Prayer

New York.

Geniac, an electronic brain for youngsters, is making its debut at the annual toy fair and you can almost hear millions of fathers sigh with relief.

## It Pays Car Makers To Advertise

Detroit.

The eagerness of American motorists to buy new cars—before they come on to the market—never ceases to be amazing.

It never fails to happen when Detroit announces a new model car. Many motorists almost trip over each other in the rush to place an order. The details of the car appear to be secondary.

Chrysler Corporation's experience last autumn was a good example. "Business" had slumped badly. The chief reason given was that Chrysler cars were out of style.

The Corporation therefore let it be known it was planning a drastic revision of its styles for 1955. By the time it was ready to introduce its new Plymouths, De Sotors, Dodges and Chryslers it had a backlog of thousands and thousands of orders. It had to work factories at top speed just to catch up on the orders placed even before the cars were unveiled to the public.

## Happens All The Time

The same thing happens to other car companies all the time. General Motors Oldsmobile and Buick divisions announced that new four-door hardtops were going to be put on the market. Before they were rolling off the assembly lines, orders were pouring in.

Chrysler's new "300," which is claimed to be the most powerful production car in America today, also drew thousands of orders before anyone had seen it.

Ford announced last autumn it was planning to build a new "Continental" to replace the old Lincoln Continental, production of which was discontinued in 1948. Orders began pouring in at once.

Ford's Continental division has turned out a few models, which are now being tested on the Ford proving grounds in great secrecy.

The new car will probably be the most expensive production model ever built. It is likely to cost about \$10,000.—United Press.

No more of those bouts with Johnny's homework. "Ask your computer, son. I'm busy."

School teachers may take a darker view of this new development, but it will be on the market soon for any junior Einstein who can coax US\$15.95 out of his father.

"The smallest almost-automatic computer," the sign says at the fair, and when you look inside it, all you can see are an innumerable array of wire, flashlight bulbs, sockets and switches mounted on a masonite panel.

These electronic brain will add, subtract, multiply, divide, solve problems in logic and decode messages.

Geniac is being put through its mental paces at the fair by Oliver Garfield, a 27-year-old teacher who stayed into developing scientific toys a year or so ago and now has little time for teaching.

He worked out the Geniac machine with Edmund C. Berkley, an actuarial consultant and mathematician who got the idea for a junior electronic brain while inventing a toy robot. The two of them are marketing Geniac through the Toy Development Co. of New York.

## Educational

"Geniac is no gadget," Mr. Garfield assures us. "It is educational, to say the least. The ideas it embodies are very complex ones but we have worked them into experiments that anyone with reasonable intelligence can figure out."

Geniac does its brainwork on the power of a common flashlight battery. The 54-page instruction book includes such

experiments as "the space ship airlock problem," to keep young mathematicians from being bored.

Not being Captain Video fans we chose to test Geniac on the down-to-earth problem of interpreting a will. The brain had been "taught" the conditions of a will which provided for division of an estate between two heirs on a basis of how fully they complied with certain requirements.

We turned switches to find out the share of the estate which would go to one heir who had married and graduated from college while the other heir had stayed single and failed at school.

A light flashed on immediately over the numeral 80 per cent.

Absolutely correct, we discovered several minutes later after wearing down a pencil on a scratch pad.—United Press.

## EAT INSTEAD OF DRINKING

New Orleans.

Pathologists Ralph J. Meier and Dr. Stanley E. Durracher of Louisiana State University's Medical School says less drinking and more eating might have lengthened the lives of many who over-indulged in alcoholic beverages.

Meier said a condition known as fatty liver often occurs in the livers of persons "who drink in preference to eating." Such a condition can be fatal, he said.

Fatty liver "is due to lack of good diet and lack of vitamins," he said.—United Press.

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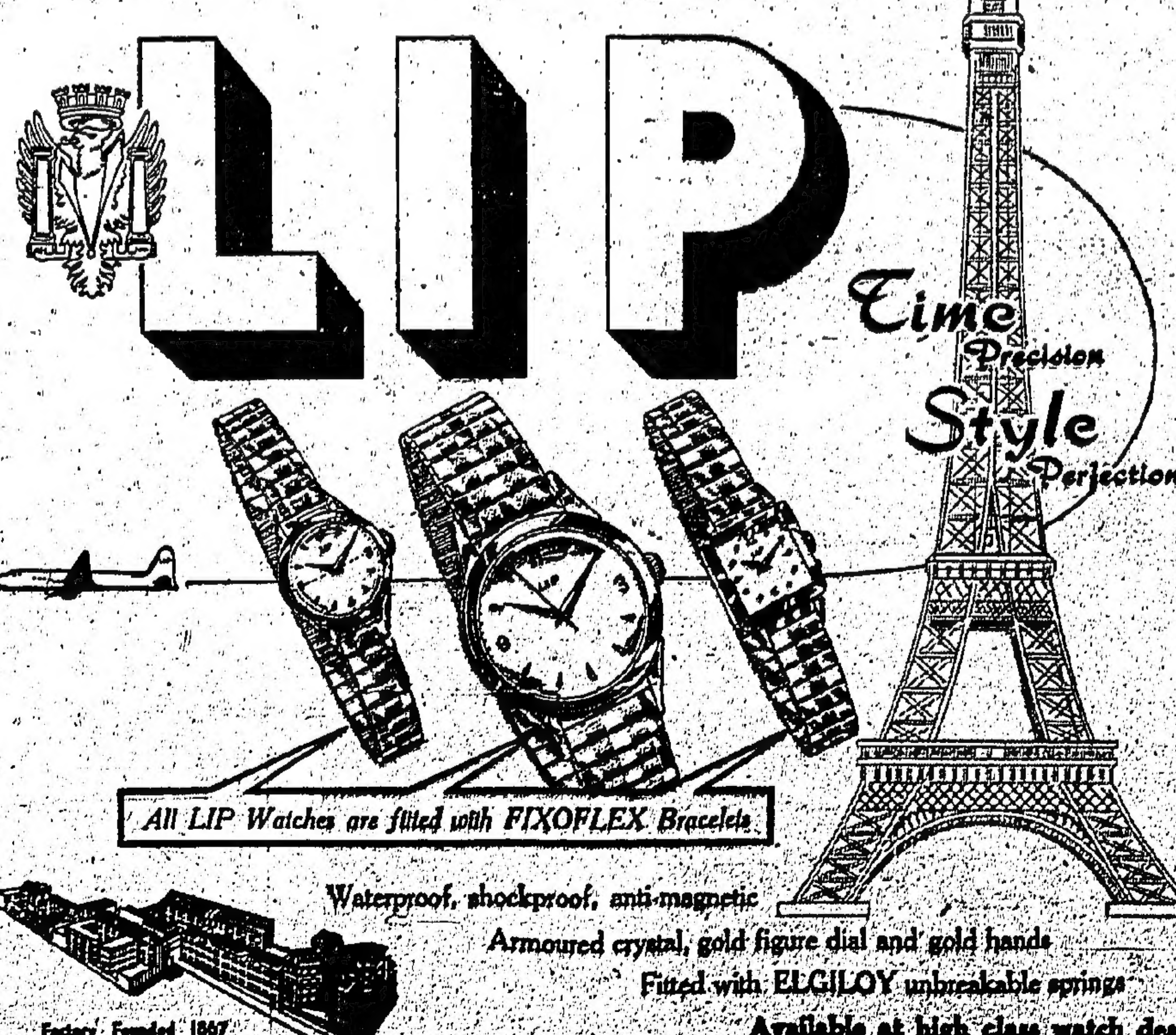
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THE traditional ceremony of presenting sprigs of shamrock on St Patrick's Day was carried out at a parade of the Irish Guards at the Guards' Depot, Caterham. HRH The Princess Royal, who represented the Queen, Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, receives her shamrock from Lt-Col J. Keatings. (Army News)

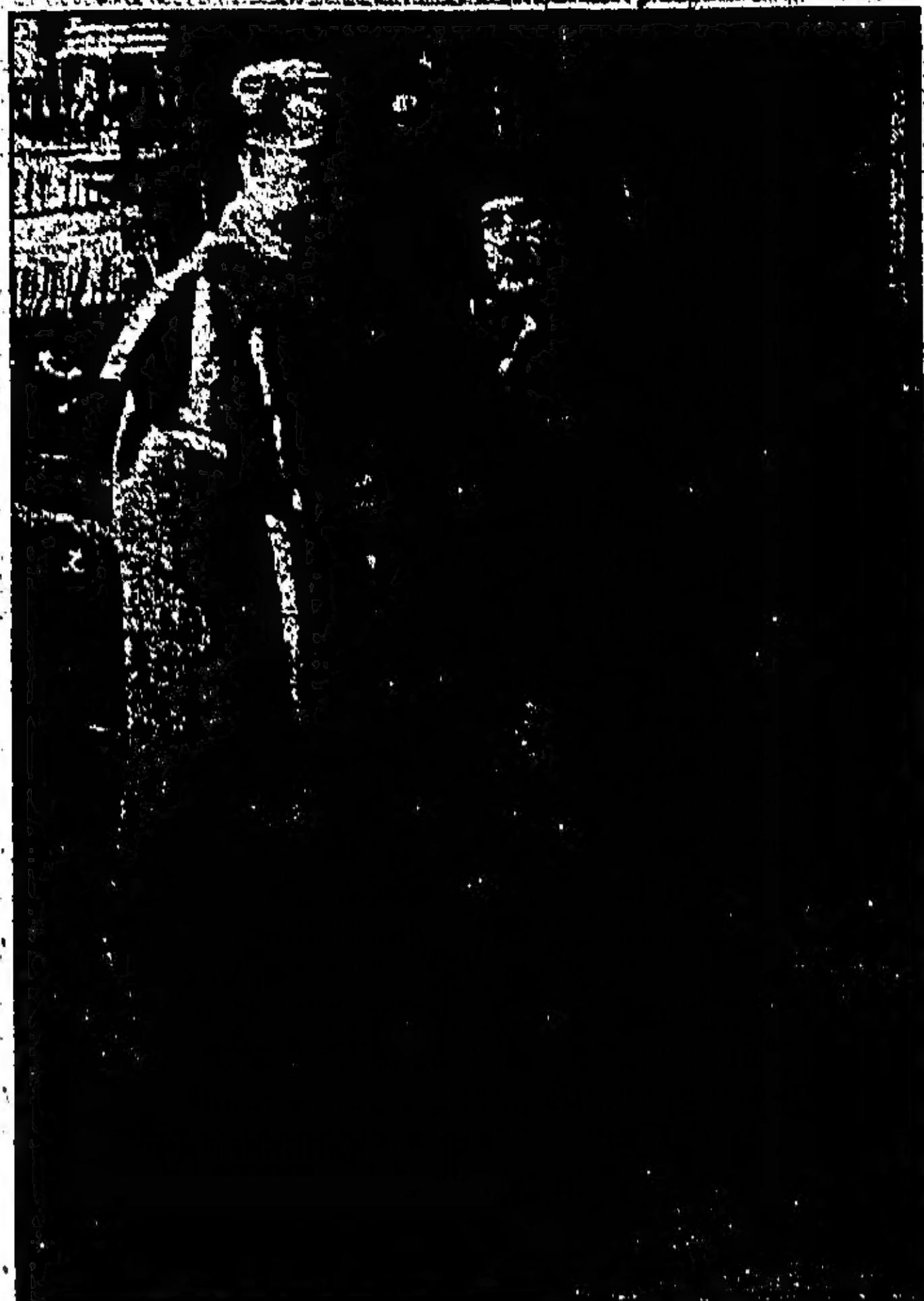


A "Redskin" in full Indian hunting dress stalking on the Sussex Downs. He is 17-year-old Colin Taylor, of Brighton. He is an authority on their sign language and the history and customs of their tribes. He is known to other Red Indian experts as "Kang ly Tawka," or Sitting Crow. (Reuterphoto)



LEFT: The village blacksmith of Kingham, Oxfordshire, Mr. James Rathbone, watches his sons putting a first coat of paint on the 15-foot-high wrought-iron gates ordered for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot in commemoration of the Queen's Accession. (Reuterphoto)

BELOW: Battle is joined by rival supporters from Guy's and London hospitals before the start of the final for the Hospitals Rugby Cup at Richmond. (Central)



DR Roberto Arias, the new Panama Ambassador in London, alights from the state coach after his return from Buckingham Palace, where he presented his credentials to Her Majesty the Queen. He recently married Margot Fonteyn, the famous ballerina. (Central)



PRINCESS MARGARET

last week attended the service of consecration of the Church of St Philip, Plaistow. The Brownies and Guides who formed the guard of honour receive a smile from the Princess on her departure after the service. (Central)



SIR Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin, who died on March 11 from a heart attack at the age of 73, is seen in this World War One picture (extreme right) with some of his fellow officers in the RAMC. This picture hangs today in the Wright Fleming Institute, where Sir Alexander worked.



BRITAIN'S new 65-ton Conqueror tank, which will shortly be going to the British Army of the Rhine to undergo extensive troop trials, photographed at the Fighting Vehicle Research Establishment at Chobham, Surrey. It is more heavily armoured than the Centurion, and is driven by the latest high-powered Meteor engine. (Army News)



DONALD CAMPBELL'S turbojet hydroplane, Bluebird, being launched at Ullswater, Cumberland. It has been taken for several trial runs in preparation for the attempt on the world water speed record. (Reuterphoto)



DON COCKELL, British and Empire heavyweight champion, who is to fight Rocky Marciano in San Francisco in May for the world title, relaxing and enjoying the sunshine at Eastbourne, where he has set up his training headquarters.

## NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



**DAIRY BOX**  
MILK CHOCOLATE





"There go some of your £28,000,000 subsidies—new hat for his missus."

London Express Service

# STRANGE TALE OF THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED

**T**HE Man Who Never Died: that is the title you can give to the strange story of John Orth, sometime Archduke Johann Salvator of Austria.

In 1890 he and the ship he commanded almost certainly vanished off Cape Horn. Yet we can only say "almost certainly" for every so often in the years which followed, people came forward who claimed to have seen him—or claimed, in fact, to be the Archduke himself. And human credulity being what it is, there were many who believed them.

The story of John Orth begins in the late 1880s, in the ascendant twilight of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The proud, imperious Emperor Francis Joseph sat upon the throne, surrounded by as brilliant and fashionable a court as Europe had ever known. It was the age of wine and song and the Vienna Woods.

Orth—or more strictly at this time the Archduke Johann Salvator—had been born in Florence in 1852, the son of the last reigning Hapsburg Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was himself a kinsman of Francis Joseph, and the doors of all the most exclusive homes in Austria were open to him. In the army he proved himself a talented officer. By the time he was 29 he was already a general.

But Orth appears to have had one fault—he could not keep his mouth shut. He criticised his superiors, and meddled too much in politics. One day he was summoned to the presence of the Emperor.

★ ★ ★

No one can be sure what transpired at this interview. One story is that he struck the Emperor after bitterly blaming him for the suicide of the Crown Prince Rudolph at Mayerling. But one thing we do know: the Archduke strode from the Emperor's door vowing never to darken it again, threw away his army uniform and decorations, and renounced his ancient title. Henceforth he was known to the world as John Orth.

A few months later he was married (one story says in Islington, London) to the pretty Viennese dancer Milly Stibel (perhaps this marriage to a commoner may be a clue to Orth's headstrong actions, though we do not know) and in March, 1890, he and his wife sailed from London in the little ship Saint Margaret to seek a new life in South America.

The Saint Margaret called at La Plata in July, 1890, and there she shipped a cargo of sulphate for Valparaiso, Chile. But she never reached there. At some point off the Horn she appears to have been struck by a storm and foundered.

At least, that is what was assumed. An Austrian warship combed the South American coast for months without finding any trace of her. And, officially anyway, John Orth was written off as lost.

But then one or two odd things came to light. One was the story told by the ship's former captain, that the man who sailed in the Saint Margaret on her last voyage from La Plata was not John Orth

**JOHN ORTH, SOMETIME ARCHDUKE, DISAPPEARED IN 1890 IN A SHIP OFF THE HORN. BUT HALF-A-DOZEN TIMES SINCE THEN A 'JOHN ORTH' HAS TURNED UP. THE STORY IS TOLD GRIPPINGLY BY HAROLD WALTON**

at all but someone impersonating him. And then someone else came forward to testify that the Saint Margaret had called at an isolated port on the Southern Argentina coast. And so, to intrigue our fathers in the early decades of this century, came this mystery of the Man Who Never Died.

And once begun the mystery snowballed. "John Orth" began to pop up in all manner of unlikely places. He must have been seen at least a hundred times.

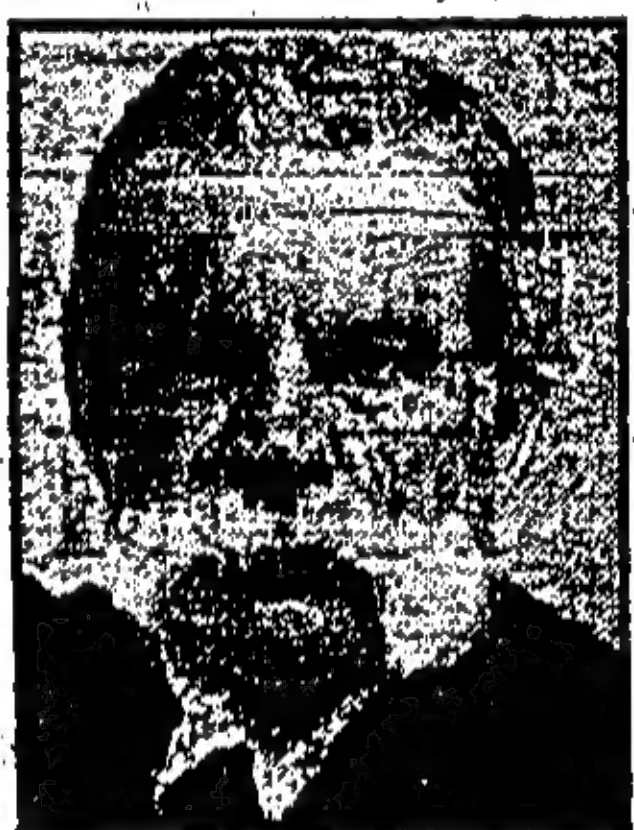
In 1907, for instance, a mysterious stranger travelled in the steamer Araguaya from Buenos Aires to Chertbourg. His appearance and manner attracted the attention of a certain Dr Manuel Quintana, son of a former Argentine President. Could this man be, thought Quintana, the missing John Orth?

★ ★ ★

He taxed the stranger and the answer was yes. But to make doubly sure Quintana wired to a Parisian, a M. Garzon, who had closely studied the Orth mystery and written a book about it, to meet the stranger when the boat train arrived at the Gare St Lazaire in Paris.

The meeting duly took place. M. Garzon was astonished. Allowing for changes wrought by the years, he was convinced that the mysterious stranger was indeed John Orth.

He wrote afterwards: "The features are identical with those of a photograph I had of John



In 1909 in Ohio another "John Orth" turned up—a white-haired, prematurely-aged man earning £3 a week as a machinist.

Orth, although the face looks a trifle older and the handsome dark hair shows signs of grey. Another proof is that the handwriting, correspondingly, I have examples of each, and I have no doubt they were written by the same man."

And what had this "John Orth" been doing with himself all the years?

The Saint Margaret, according to his story, did not sink at all, but sailed up the Uruguay River to Concordia, 300 miles north of Buenos Aires, where the crew were paid off and Orth and his dancer bride took to local life. At various times they were in Catamarca, in Uruguay (where Orth worked as a lumberman), and ranching in Argentina. After a time Milly Stibel died, and Orth, free now to roam where he willed, wandered over most of South America, doing

odd jobs and in the end "amassing wealth" which permitted him to travel in comfort.

It may be asked what happened to this "John Orth" after he arrived in Paris. It seems he was going on to London, where he vanished into thin air. In any event there is no evidence of his ever appearing again.

But the "John Orth" story was not dead by any means. Two years later, in 1909, he turned up in Ohio. He was found—a white-haired, prematurely-aged man—working as a 23-a-week machinist in a factory in the town of Painesville.

This particular "John Orth" had no doubts at all about his identity. He said he left the Saint Margaret at the port of Cusseta, south of the River Plate, bought a ranch in Argentina, had two children, wandered to the West Indies, and finally ended up in the United States after a trip to Paris. But he, too, after this "discovery," was not heard from again.

★ ★ ★

And so it went on. In 1921 a man murdered by rioting students in Cairo turned out to be "The Archduke Johann Salvator of Austria." In 1924 there died in a New York hospital a man hitherto known as Dr. Orloff N. Orlov, but whose name was given on his death certificate as "The Archduke Johann Salvator."

This "Archduke" in his lifetime had given a most convincing account of his adventures. He said that after the Saint

Margaret had left its last known port of call he ordered a lifeboat to be lowered and overturned (to give the impression the vessel was lost) and that he then landed at Port Alegre in Brazil where he swore the crew to secrecy. After this he travelled to South Africa, India, China, finally drifting to the United States where he made his home in Chicago.

Only twice during all this time, he said, was he "recognised," once by a sailor on the Saint Margaret whom he met by chance in a railway station, and the second time by a member of Austrian Embassy in Washington. Both men swore to keep his secret.

★ ★ ★

Only a few years ago in Norway there was published a story that John Orth turned up at Odense in Denmark. In 1896 where he took the name of Hugo Koehler. He moved to Norway, remarried, and lived there, unsuspected, until he died in 1946.

Well, if the Archduke Johann does turn up again, he will be at least 100, and so surely will deserve to be left in peace with his years and memories. But the odds are, nevertheless, that he did in fact die in the little ship Saint Margaret in the turbulent seas off Cape Horn all those many decades ago. The Austrian Government never had any doubt about this.

Who could really believe otherwise?

Well, at least one person did: That was his dotting mother, the Grand Duchess Maria Antonia. Always she kept a room ready for her son at the family castle of Orth near Gmunden, and she refused to touch any of the money he left her. And she never put on mourning to the day she died.

## HUMOURS OF THE POSTBAG

**T**HE season is at hand when the income tax, pensions, local council, and newspaper offices receive letters from clients, customers and readers on a variety of subjects which reveal in many ways the inability of many writers to express themselves without perpetrating some "howler" or humorous "clanger."

In the formidable postbags of these various offices may be found a strange mixture of the humorous, the candidly confused and the unintentionally slanderous.

There was, for instance, the genuine but bemused taxpayer who startled officials with the following objection to their assessment findings:

"Dear Sir—Will you please note that a son was born to my wife on Dec. 1, for I understand that I may be given an allowance for him. A few fellow workmen have already been allowed for this. Your faithfully, John."

Most apologetic was this reply to a postmaster's complaint

that a local resident's dog had bitten one of his postmen: "We are very sorry the postman was bit. My wife did all she could for the man, I also promised I would destroy him at once, so I took and shot him at the back of the house."

No one doubted the good intention of the writer of the following letter, least of all the editor who received it from a true nature lover:

"The Editor—Last week I was admiring the beauty of our woods and hills when, in a moist and shaded spot, I came across a nest of wild cornucopias. While not great or showy, they were worth attention in their red and yellow dress and gave me a great thrill. Yours, etc."

**QUAINT ENGLISH**

Some of the funniest "howlers" have been found in correspondence from abroad. Like the quaint English in this letter addressed to "Merial L.B. (a General, Ellis in California) from a native saying: "Almighty and speaking Sir—One damn black tailor run off with my

write. Lord God, how wonderful."

For quiet determination in the face of language difficulty there was the letter of resignation sent in by a lady teacher to a Director of Education in the Philippines: "Dear Sir—I have the honour to resign me as my works are many and my salary are few. Besides which my supervising teacher makes many lovings to me to which I only reply: 'Oh not! Oh not!'"

In Britain there is always a spate of replies to the income tax office when an administrative slip has caused someone to receive a particular form twice. The following note attached to a duly twice-delivered income tax demand barely concealed the quiet indignation of the writer:

"Sir—I had to leave my job last January, as I am expecting a baby, but I have already had one from the Inspector of Taxes."

There did seem a note of urgency in the letter received by a local postmistress from an old-age pensioner: "Dear madam—Will you please let my daughter have my pension

please as my face has broken out through my stomach."

Somewhat revealing was the communication from a vigorous local lady celebrity interested in charitable work: "Might I suggest you see Mrs Brown. She has no clothes and has not had any for over a year. She has been visited regularly by the clergy."

### EDITOR'S MAIL

Most editors' postbags contain a medium of unconscious humour from critical readers, as is shown by the following received by the joint editors of Time.

"Potbellied Sirs—Naturally if you are not potbellied, the expert tells you like water from a duck. But I have strong suspicions you are and, if so, as the children say, I hope that stank! How do you like it applied to yourself? I hope it raises your blood pressure—Y. Kram."

To which, incidentally, the joint editors of Time apologetically replied: "Sorry. Just like a duck."

J. W. TAYLOR

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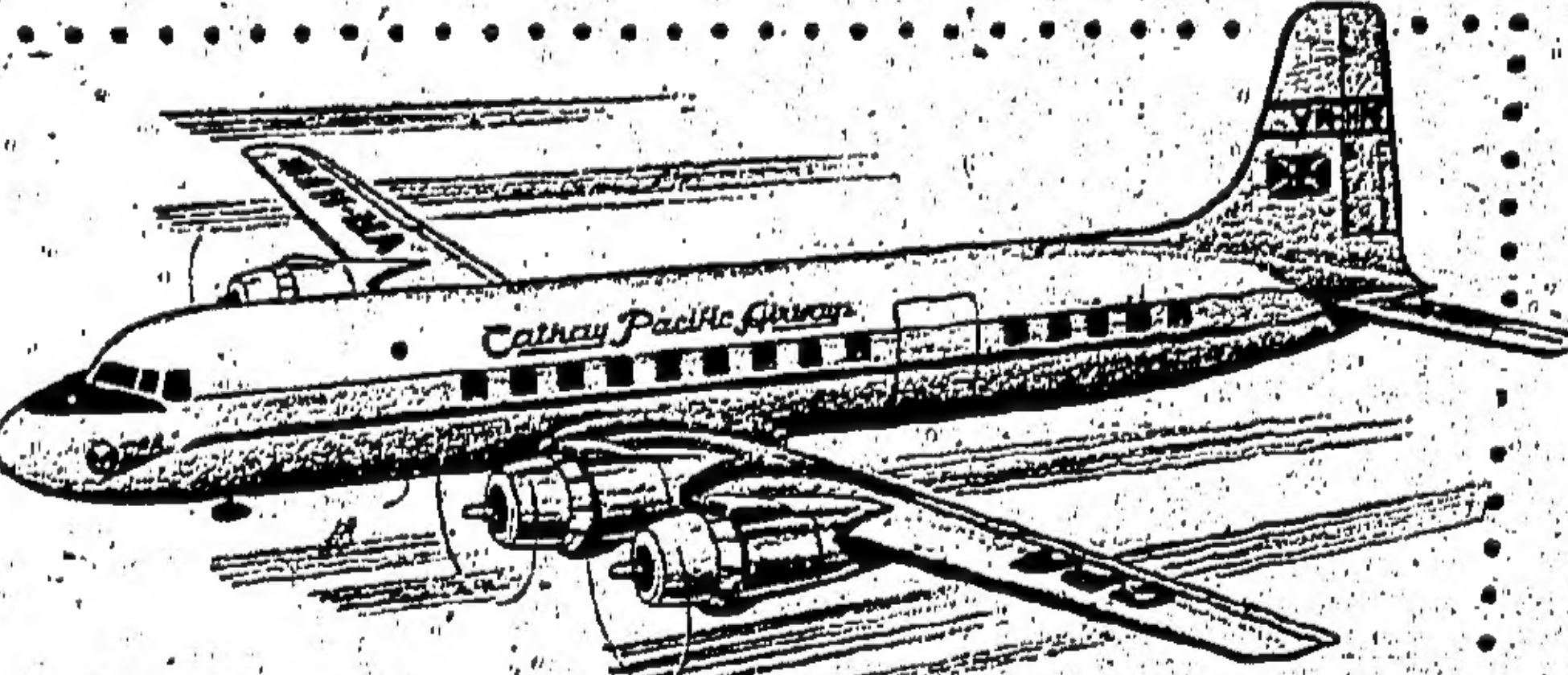
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# 'MEET MR. GREGORY

## —he has titles in his pocket'



THE man on the telephone was persistent in asking for an interview on some unspecified business which could only be discussed in person. At last Commander Leake — Commander Edward Whanley Billyard Leake, RN, retired — decided to see what he wanted.

In Commander Leake's house in Lowndes Square the man, who was named Moffat, lost no time in coming to the point. A suggestion had been made that Commander Leake should be represented in the Honours List and Moffat had come to see if he was interested.

No doubt Commander Leake was interested. He was certainly surprised. Where had this suggestion come from?

For answer, Moffat, showed him a paper called the Whitehall Gazette, printed in large type on thick paper. There were eminent names among the contributors, but it was one name in particular that Moffat pointed out: "J. Maundy Gregory."

Commander Leake admitted that he had never heard of Maundy Gregory.

"You must meet him," Moffat said. "He is the man who is going to do this thing for you."

Maundy Gregory received Commander Leake in the offices of the Whitehall Gazette, which he edited. He was a plump, bland, beaming man with an air of good living. His office was full of signed royal portraits.

### Delicacy



THERE were telephones, a whole row of them, and indicators that buzzed or flashed with coloured lights. There was a special exit door, bolted and padded. From this office, Maundy Gregory often explained to friends, (while he offered them a cigarette from a gold case inscribed to him by the King of Greece) he conducted a world-wide campaign against Bolshevism.

He also apparently played a part in setting the Honours List. He said that some of the highest authorities in the country were anxious that Leake should accept a knighthood. The New Year Honours List was full, but next June could easily be managed.

Leake was puzzled. Could this be an aftermath of his war services? he wondered. Maundy Gregory agreed. Then he broached a delicate matter. It would be



J. MAUNDY GREGORY  
'Detained at the Palace.'

necessary to open certain closed doors. Money would be needed; £10,000 might do it, but £12,000 would make it easier.

Leake promised to think it over. A couple of days later he lunched with Maundy Gregory at the Carlton Hotel, and asked for some proof that his host could do what he claimed. Some well-known names were mentioned in a familiar way.

Leake thought things over again and went to the police.

On February 7, 1933, James Maundy Gregory, editor of Hyde Park Terrace, was charged with attempting to obtain a bribe as an inducement to procure the grant of a knighthood.

### THE GREAT GAMBLERS

by JULIAN SYMONS

They discussed the prices of honours and Maundy Gregory said he had arranged these things for some time.

A further luncheon was arranged, and to dispel any distrust Leake might feel Maundy Gregory said that he need not pay all the money now. A deposit would do.

Leake thought things over again and went to the police.

On February 7, 1933, James Maundy Gregory, editor of Hyde Park Terrace, was charged with attempting to obtain a bribe as an inducement to procure the grant of a knighthood.

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### Hushed up



THERE was nothing very dramatic about the evidence in the Honours Case, as it was called. You might almost say that it was hushed up. Certainly there was a scandal. Maundy Gregory changed his plea from "Not Guilty" to "Guilty" and was sentenced to a fine of £50 and two months' imprisonment.

The police mentioned a number of other complaints against him, but no evidence was given about them.

To a question in Parliament asking whether these other cases were being investigated a soothing reply was given. It seemed that the evidence was insufficient, and in any case the complaints covered a period of only three years. This statement was disproved by a letter from Maundy Gregory written in 1926, produced in a law case.

"The strike has butted in and caused the entire side-track of our collection of names, which were otherwise fully approved of," he wrote.

But this letter was passed over in well-bred silence. After serving his sentence Maundy Gregory went abroad. It was understood that friends were contributing to his support. Several law suits against him for return of money were abandoned. Society devotedly hoped that it had heard the last of Maundy Gregory. Within weeks of his departure abroad, however, his name was involved in a new and darker scandal.

### Ambitious



LITTLE was known of Maundy Gregory's background. Some people said that he was the son of a vicar, others that his mother lived in an almshouse and that his name was derived from her receipt of Maundy money.

What his friends knew for certain was that the driving

force behind this man of mystery was a woman named Edith Marion Roscoe. Edith Roscoe had been an Edwardian musical comedy star under the name of Vivienne Pierpont. She was beautiful and ambitious.

She occupied the top part of Maundy Gregory's house in Hyde Park Terrace, and acted as hostess at the dinner parties he gave for Royalist exiles and Government officials. It was she who suggested that Maundy Gregory should use a coat of arms with the motto "Vigilate," and that he should use a private taxi instead of a car, because a taxi passed unnoticed.

The aura of mystery in which Maundy Gregory enveloped himself ("I have been detained at Buckingham Palace on urgent business," he would say when arriving late for luncheon) was largely of her devising.

Their relationship was obscure but she called him "Uncle Jim," and he was plainly devoted to her. When she died in September 1932 — the death certificate showed the cause to be cerebral haemorrhage and Bright's disease — he had her buried where she wished in the little Berkshire cemetery of Bisham, by the Thames. Her will was simple.

"Everything I have, at anything happens to me, is to be left to Mr. J. Maundy Gregory, to be disposed of as he thinks best." Her fortune amounted to some £20,000.

Suddenly an order was made for the exhumation of her body because there was "reasonable ground to suspect that Edith Marion Roscoe had died an unnatural death."

### Problems



SIR Bernard Spilsbury and Dr. Roscoe Lynch conducted the investigation. They found something extraordinary. The body had been buried in a shallow grave, only 18 inches below ground level. This grave was very near the river, which frequently overflowed. In consequence the body had been immersed in water since it was buried. The pathologists could find no trace of poison, but they added that in the conditions to which the body had been subjected certain poisons might have decomposed.

They were able to state one thing positively. Edith Marion Roscoe had not died of cerebral haemorrhage or Bright's disease. It was also stated in evidence that at the time of Mrs. Roscoe's death Maundy Gregory had been in some financial difficulties. With no poison found in the body, however, an open verdict was inevitable.

Maundy Gregory died in France during the war, leaving two problems unsolved. Did he in fact procure honours, or did he merely take the money and then fail to deliver the goods? And was Edith Marion Roscoe really poisoned? If so, the method by which the poison escaped detection is one of the most ingenious in recent criminal history.

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### NEXT SATURDAY:

The impossible, said the telegram, had been achieved; but the name at the end was not the one that had been expected—and so the questions began.

# William Hickey

## DUSK WITH THE AGA KHAN AMID THE CAMELLIAS

Nice, France in carriages drawn by smart horses. And then he, the product of privilege and of that Victorian Age, suddenly changed and talked of the modern Welfare State.

"There is one country where there is no poverty, where everyone has work, where everyone is looked after. I thought he was going to pay us a compliment. But it wasn't for us. That country is Sweden," he said. He saw me look up with a certain amount of surprise and added, "But then, they were not in either of the two wars."

And then from war he began to discuss the atom bomb and international politics. He spoke of Indian "neutralism." "Of course," he said, "there cannot be a real neutralism. To be neutral at this time is to be on the side of Russia and China."

He talked of Nehru, describing him as "one of the great characters of this century." Which from a Moslem leader about a Hindu leader was quite a remarkable judgment.

### 'Bad haters'

"The Indian princes?" he said, as if reading my thoughts of their bejewelled magnificence. "The trouble was that they had lost confidence in their own capacity to rule. For 40 years or more they had relied on the British. When the British left they no longer had the capacity to rule."

"But," I asked the Aga, a little upset, "I think the British rule in India was a great experience. Do you think it was all a mistake? I have been feeling that a lot of good as well as all the other things."

"Oh, yes," he replied, folding his hands over his chest. "It was a remarkable era. And then he thought, for a minute and came out with what was obviously a long-considered judgement. "You English are bad haters."

He savoured the phrase and repeated it. "You are bad down here in the South of

France. For example," he went on, "you have just been telling me about your years as a prisoner in Germany. But you realise it is necessary to get on with the Germans. You see, you are all bad haters."

### Over Canasta

The Aga went on talking. He was in an extraordinary mood. He ranged the world.

He talked of Prince Philip, whom he entertained at Yakymour for dinner and lunch the other day.

"Well, you see," said the Aga, "it was almost a refuge for him here. When he dined at the villa it was quite fantastic. We were almost barricaded in with police to avoid the photographers."

The Aga explained that to help make the evening for Prince Philip he had had a few guests in and arranged bridge and Canasta parties for after the meal.

He talked about the Prince's part in British life. "If you study the Court Circular carefully," he said, "you will find that you go to a lot of societies, dinners, and so on, where, in the old days, you would not have met royalty. I think he is doing a great work in bringing these more or less middle-class people into contact with the Royal Family."

### The light fades

The parrot banged again in his cage almost angrily—as if it was a prince of birds who did not like all this middle-class stuff.

The room was so dark by now that I could scarcely make out the features of the Aga Khan a few feet away. He suddenly looked very tired. I made my adieux.

I am glad to have seen him. Maybe the sunset through the glass doors was not up to his standards. But certainly the Aga Khan was a memorable sight.

# HE MADE HIS FORTUNE FROM WOMEN'S CURLS

By J. W. TAYLOR

### THIS year is the golden jubilee of the permanent wave treatment without which most women feel they are not well groomed. This process, which developed into a £250 million industry in Britain, was invented by Charles Nessler, a barber's father boy, who made women's hair curls endure. It made for him a fortune in the world's beauty industry, which he eventually all but lost in his unceasing quest for new methods to keep the female younger and more beautiful.

In Britain alone two million women make their customary visit to the hairdressers, for "perm, hot or cold." They have made it one of the country's richest industries, with some 300,000 assistants working in 4,800 salons handling an annual turnover of about £250 million for "cutting, washing, setting and trimming" the feminine tresses.

### RAW MATERIAL

When at mealtimes in his home in a Black Forest village in Germany his mother told him: "Eat up, those crusts or your hair won't curl," young Charles did not believe her; for he had long developed a curiosity which became an obsession—how did the hair curl?

Continual examination of the raw material was necessary for Charles to be able to solve the problem, as those village maidens with the long, curling

### locks were to discover should they be rash enough to turn their backs on this young adept at the secret snip. He soon realised that to find the secret of the permanent wave he would have to do more than merely gaze at famous tresses.

On his savings, Charles went to London, first as a barber's father boy, then owner of a small salon where he took to making false eyelashes. This started his climb to fame and fortune, for soon over 10,000 pairs of eyes a month were seen fluttering about the fans of designing Edwardian ladies wearing Charles's long eyelashes.

### BIRTH PANGS

He became the owner of a prosperous Mayfair salon, where he continued his quest into the major mystery. Finally he soaked some hair in an alkali solution and heated it in a curler and let it stay for a month or two. The hair remained curled and thus, on a summer's day in 1904, the "permanent wave" arrived.

There were, of course, a few birth pangs. Brave souls who suffered the early treatment experienced several hours of discomfort; it was costly; it required much work and skill and patience; and it was not always so permanent, as Charles had hoped.

It was, however, better than Monsieur Marcel's temporary waving. Moreover, it brought to women the world over the most coveted beauty aid on the market and a relief from the heated tongs in the fire, or above a paraffin stove.

Nessler improved on his system, took out patents, and the fame of his treatment spread around the world. Millions of women left the privacy of their bedrooms and boudoirs to take on beauty culture and hair waving treatment in the newly

### opened "special salons."

In America, the Nessler genius transformed a luxury trade of less than 3,000 salons in the first decade of this century into the present billion-dollar a year industry, with 127,000 hairdressers and beauty parlours, some employing 100 and more assistants, coping with over 187 million customers annually. The picture in Britain is similar.

Finally the man who released the "great tide of waves," hot or cold, became a millionaire. The "perm" had become the centre piece of a ritual in every salon, large or small, in city, town and village, in which women submitted to anything from face massages, manicures, pedicures and eyebrow designing to "body contouring" and complicated "facials."

When he died three years ago at his luxury New Jersey home, Charles's fortune had seriously dwindled because of his never-ending quest for methods and gadgets to keep the female form and face young, and beautiful. Many of his ventures were costly failures.

### ANOTHER BOOM

This booming industry was once threatened six years ago when a new-fangled "home perm," backed by a gigantic advertising campaign, flooded the markets. Nessler himself had patented one in his London Edwardian days, but had refrained from marketing it.

Eventually, however, it added the boost to the "perm" hairdressers' trade in a reconditioning treatment for the millions of home-permists who had made a mess of their own efforts. Then the trade confidently started "cold" perms, as provided by the home kits, and caused another boom.

These millions of beauty salons, large and small, are a fitting monument to the former barber's boy who never lost his enthusiasm to please women.

What this new self-winding chronometer means to you...

A chronometer is a "super watch"

It has been specially made, specially adjusted, and has passed stringent government tests for accuracy. Every Swiss chronometer is sold with an Official Rating Certificate showing just how it performed in these government tests. Particularly good chronometers are awarded a distinctive notation: "especially good results" printed on this certificate.

Before you buy a chronometer, look to see whether it is officially certified with "especially good results." Every Omega Constellation is! Automatic, waterproof, shock-protected, antimagnetic.



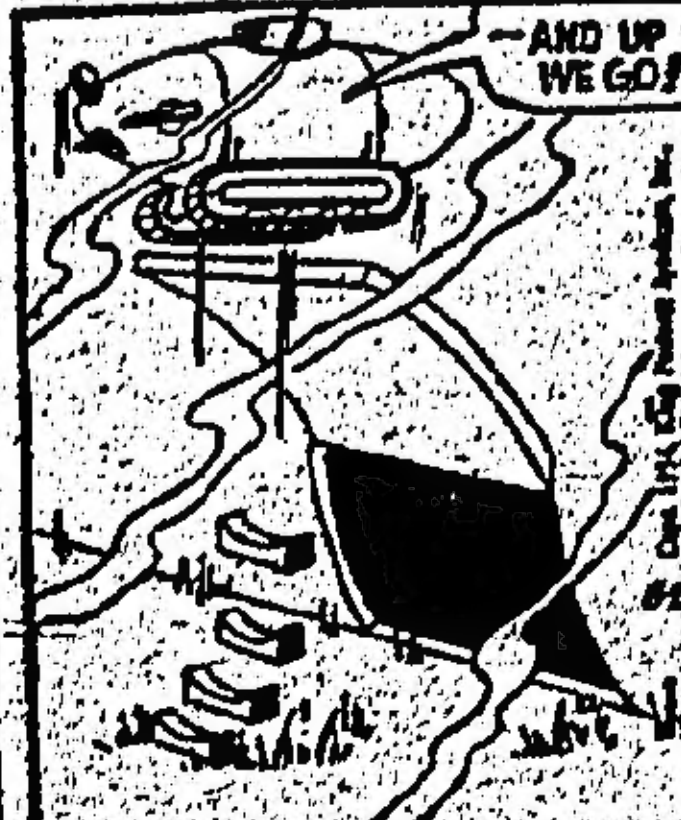
You'll know the Omega Constellation by the observation engraved on the back of the case—your guarantee of an "especially good chronometer."

OMEGA Constellation

Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland.

OMEGA \* Tissot

### MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

TALK ABOUT MAGIC! Have you seen Admiral AIR CONDITIONERS AND REFRIGERATORS



## CHAPTER FIVE

## Cloak and Dagger Squadron

## THE COURAGE OF JAN AND LIET

By Leslie Montgomery

(As Told To Gordon Thomas)

IN August 1944, the Resistance movement in Warsaw rose in open revolt against the Germans.

The first shot was fired soon after good-looking Lieutenant Jan Nowak was parachuted into his native Poland by the Cloak and Dagger Squadron. Nowak was an ace among agents. He had become a guinea pig, testing his wits against the Germans.

In this way, he discovered snags to other spies were able to avoid them. Only his brilliant nerve and cunning saved him from capture. As soon as he reached Warsaw, he gave the order to touch off the well-planned uprising. Men, women and children all courageously hurled themselves against the Germans. Quickly, they held the purple and white Polish flag over the battle-scarred buildings.

Jan Nowak scarcely slept during the first hectic days of the battle. He organized snatches, planned ambushes and fought in the front line.

Beside him battled pretty Liet. Liet was in her late teens, but already she had learned to carry a rifle along over her shoulders in much the same way as ordinary women carry handbags.

They fell in love—a romance born out of the struggle for Warsaw. But by now the tide was turning against the patriots as the Germans threw thousands of troops and vehicles into the battle. Then, against this shell-scarred background, Jan asked Liet to marry him.

## WEDDING

The two were married in a bombed chapel in the front line. It wasn't a quiet wedding. German fire was concentrated round the chapel. Within seconds the couple were covered with choking dust from the crumbling buildings near by.

Over the murmurings of the priest rose the screams of the injured and dying. A scorching shell blasted one of the chapel walls to the ground. Gunfire became this brave couple's wedding anthem.

There was no reception. There was only enough food for one meal a day. A quick kiss, and the newlyweds were back in the firing line.

By now the German fire had intensified into a ceaseless barrage. The patriots were driven deeper and deeper into Warsaw. Bitterly Jan Nowak knew that the revolt was doomed.

A last meeting was called of the underground leaders. Nowak was told that he must leave at once for London with secret documents of vital importance.

Desperately he searched for Liet. And together they set out to run the gauntlet. Their escape route was to be through the rat-infested sewers—the only exit from Warsaw. Jan had an injured arm, and the secret documents were hidden inside his handbags.

The couple spent their wedding night wading through evil smelling water and filth that often came up to their necks. Many times they stopped to listen to make sure that the Germans hadn't entered the sewers and were trying to seal them off.

Wading through mud and ooze, the couple edged forward. Jan held his bride's hand to encourage her as they inched along the grim escape route.

Then, they were outside the war-torn city. Behind them could be heard the innocent pounding of guns and the berserk flashing of exploding shells.

## HAZARDOUS

With faked papers, Nowak was able to get two rats on a German train speeding west. The papers said that he was a skilled foreign worker employed by the Germans in Warsaw and, after being wounded, was being sent to a German hospital.

Often the train stopped so that the jittering German occupants could witness executions of brave Polish patriots.

Outside Berlin, the couple left the train. With a pocket compass to guide them, they headed for the advancing Allies. It was a hazardous journey, every step fraught with sudden danger.

They had to avoid all towns. Even so, their papers were checked many times. But they got through. In all, they had covered about 500 miles before they met an Allied patrol. Within days, they were in London—and the papers were in the hands of the Free Polish Government.

Today, Jan and Liet are national heroes in Poland. But

to them, it was nothing more than a job of work. Such courage was quite usual.

But charm—especially if it is a woman's—often beats courage. I learnt that time and again. Here the case of "Anne."

"Anne"—that was her code name—had both. Small and well-shaped, she would have been equally at ease posing for a cover girl picture or cooking in a modern kitchen.

Like Odette Churchill, her personality magnetized us from the moment she boarded the Halifax one night in February 1943. Beneath her shapely overalls, Anne wore a tailored suit straight from Paris. She even had earrings flown specially from the fashion centre by pigeon post a few days beforehand.

## SEARCHLIGHTS

Her expensive suede court shoes, her trim handbag, her nylons—undies—all were stowed in spacious pockets in the overalls. Her faked papers said she was a night-club dancer.

This was to be her cover role in Paris—the most hazardous city in Europe for a spy.

Anne was to be one of the wireless links between the Paris patriots and London. She would receive and transmit the vital information that would brief the Underground movement for their forthcoming D-Day revolt.

The Halifax's engines roared louder and louder for the take-off. Soon the Channel gleamed in the moonlight. We flew so low that the smell of the sea filtered into the aircraft.

A sudden flash of searchlights patterned the sky. We had reached the French coast. Suddenly—the Dispatcher tapped Anne's hand. The dropping point was coming up. The plane screamed through the air, its shadow outlined on the ground.

Another tap from the Dispatcher. This was the arranged signal for her to put on a rubber crash-helmet. Then the Dispatcher made signs for her to pick up something.

She shrugged her shoulders. His signals grew more frantic. Then she understood. Her parachute wasn't fastened, as it should have been, by a rope to a bolt in the plane.

## ESCAPE

In another few moments she would have fallen to her death. Anne smiled wanly at the narrow escape. Quickly, the cord was secured, and she jumped.

She had started on a thrill-packed career that might easily end in death. Like so many others I took over, that was the last I heard of her.

But I know you'll agree that it took outstanding courage to pose as a charming dancer before an enemy she was plotting to destroy.

By now, there weren't many parts of Europe I hadn't visited by night. Each trip produced the unexpected.

Once we were just climbing away from a Belgian dropping point when a night fighter jumped us. It roared out of a cloud bank and fired a long, raking burst through the Halifax's waist. It sounded like rain on a tin roof.

Another Red State is in turmoil—and back from Hungary comes RALPH HEWINS with a spot-news report:

PRECIOUS FEW CARS AND

NOT A BICYCLE

HUNGARY is the land of the perpetual hard-luck story. In my travels across half the length and breadth of the country every Government official and Old Guard Communist apologised to me for the backwardness.

I was constantly reminded that Hungary was feudal until 1946 with 8,000,000 ignorant, landless peasants on the borderline of starvation.

That every bridge across the Danube in Budapest was destroyed by the fleeing Germans; and

That the entire savings of the country were lost in the world's biggest inflation.

True enough. But 1945 is 10 years ago. And other small countries, such as Holland and

Finland, which also bled and suffered in the war have recovered.

The Communist Party and Government admit that the backwardness is not entirely due to a super hangover from a nightmare past.

Every day the papers scream "self-criticism." In the factories the workers are accused of "lack of respect for State property" because they don't look after tools and machines.

All this writing and oral "self-criticism" is claimed as a sign of strength, "so much healthier than rushing up mistakes as happens under the capitalist system."

Yet production lags far behind the rate laid down for such key industries as agriculture (the basis of Hungarian economy), coal, mining, and oil refining.

In Budapest there are prac-

twisting and turning, we shook the fighter off. Suddenly, smoke and flame licked from the bomber. A fire was burning in the bomb rack.

We spiralled towards the ground in a desperate attempt to deuse the blaze. Frantically the Dispatcher and myself struggled to beat the fire out.

But as soon as the pilot eased out at hedge level, the flames burst into life again.

Things looked black—until one of those inexplicable events occurred that always make life in the air unpredictable. The burning part of the bomb rack fell neatly away from the Halifax.

Another few seconds—and we would have made a fiery pyre on the ground. It was my closest shave yet.

To compensate for it, a few days later came my biggest thrill. King George VI and the Queen inspected the Squadron at Tempest.

It was a big honour, for Royalty seldom visited operational squadrons.

There was no time for us to change before Their Majesties drove past the heavily guarded station gates. Many of us were all soiled working clothes when we met the Royal couple, but they didn't seem to mind.

Wisely, the King and Queen asked no questions about our work. For we had strict orders to tell nobody what we did—not even Cabinet Ministers or Royalty.

The Queen spent a long time chatting to the airwomen in the camp. Quickly, she broke down their reserve with her famous smile.

## IMPROMPTU

So long did the Royal visitor gossip, that the King many times turned and implied she should get a move on. Like all husbands, he hated to be kept waiting.

But he had his own "little game" of recognising airmen. He had decorated at Buckingham Palace earlier in the war. It was amazing the way he could remember faces he had seen for only a few seconds, perhaps many months before.

The impromptu Royal visit was a pleasant break for all of us from the grim work of spying.

Then, in May 1943, came orders that swept the past from my mind.

"Leave for the Middle East. Special Mission! Time and again these words shot through my mind as the black-painted Halifax winged its way towards the Middle East."

After sighting round the Pyrenees, the aircraft nosed towards Algiers—and the muddy landing strip of Maison Blanche.

It had been an old French airfield, and had many hangars and no proper runways.

On May 11, 1943, I knew what the Special Mission was. We had been picked to play a major role in the rearming of the Corsican and Sardinian Underground movement.

Loads of captured German arms and ammunition were to be flown to the islands and dropped to patriots. We would help to "soften up" the Germans on the islands before the great Allied advances started.

After some of the other jobs it sounded easy—until I had a look at the map.

Both Sardinia and Corsica are extremely mountainous. Both were effectively patrolled by German fighters based on Sicily. We would probably be under fire during the whole of the run-in. Every radar would plot our course. A look at the weather charts, and more hazards popped up.

It had been arranged that we would drop our supplies in the mountain valleys. But after heavy mists shrouded them. And there were treacherous air currents to cope with.

## WORRIES

The Resistance patriots would only be able to use hand torches to guide us over the dropping point. It would be like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Intelligence briefing produced more worries. The Germans would probably try to fool us with faked drop areas. But we were determined to get through.

We had to make the trips on bright moonlit nights, so we would have a better chance of unloading our cargo at the right spot. It also meant that the Germans would have a better chance to spot us. On the whole it was going to be anything but an easy task.

Like in May I made the first trip—across the broad North African coastline, and over the warm Mediterranean sea.

At any minute we expected Palermo-based enemy fighters to come scurrying towards the Halifax.

But none came. We sped over theinky-blue Tyrrhenian Sea that lapped the hostile Sardinian shores. By now, enemy radar must be tracking us; enemy fighters must be on the way.

But none came. Then Corsica loomed into sight. Black and ugly, it reared out of the sea. But within its mountainous heart were many men and women who were prepared to die rather than be around under the Nazi jackboot.

Suddenly, the tension vanished. The dropping area had been reached. It was a tricky spot—at the bottom of a cliff-surrounded valley.

There was no time to debate whether it was a fake. The

unfading flaring pinpoints of light from the ground warned us there was no time to waste.

Carefully and steadily, the pilot brought the cumbersome bomber down, down, down.

We were completely hemmed in by cliffs now. Our engines echoed and re-echoed off them like thunder.

Then the Halifax bucked like a startled horse. We had dropped the supplies. The lights from the ground flashed on and off quickly. The Resistance were saying "Thank you!"

We returned safely to base. Our anxiety had been vindicated. The Germans. No doubt they believed that nobody would be so foolhardy as to send a single Halifax through their well-defended lines on a moonlit night. But once again, they had underestimated the Cloak and Dagger Squadron.

LOADS OF CAPTURED GERMAN ARMS AND AMMUNITION WERE TO BE FLOWN TO THE ISLANDS AND DROPPED TO PATRIOTS. WE WOULD HELP TO "SOFTEN UP" THE GERMANS ON THE ISLANDS BEFORE THE GREAT ALLIED ADVANCES STARTED.

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## AUDACITY

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JOHN REDFERN goes behind the barbed wire fence of a prison camp for this beside-the-news report on the biggest problem facing Mau Mau land today

## WOMEN BOAST OF MURDERING...

IT is quite something to come across Mrs Clodagh Alison in the 1,000 acres of dust and sweat at Kamiti prison camp.

Her tunic is immaculate, her slacks well pressed. Her complexion glows and the hot breeze cannot dull her attractive hair.

Calmly, efficiently, this good-looking woman from Lymington, Hants, gets on with the job of looking after some of the wickedest women in the world—the killer women of the Mau Mau.

She is surrounded by "hyenas," "goats," "calves," and "lions." These are the names used, unofficially, to classify the convicts and detainees.

The hyena—detestable and filthy; the goat—ready to follow anyone; the calf—in need of guidance; the lion—brave and self-reliant.

The incentive of shorter working hours and more permits to visit the camp shop (to spend the 6d. a day pay) helps bring confession from many others.

The wardresses in a uniform rather like a Girl Guide captain's, are strapping, cheerful women—although those who are Kikuyu have received word that they have been sentenced to death by the Mau Mau courts in Nairobi, 13 miles away.

Behind the prattling of the camp's 350 children and the singing of the women is the whispered threat.

But, as everybody in Kenya agrees, the Kikuyu women must be changed if Kenya is to change.

Mau Mau is leaning heavily today on the women. It is they who feed the lone gangster lying in wait on the outskirts of villages.

The women of Kamiti are cut of the battle. But Mrs Alison is right in the other battle—the battle for their deliverance from the utter blackness of Mau Mau.

Here among the 2,300 women is Kenya's biggest problem, parcelled up in barbed-wire and white prison cloth.

The women who are merely detained wear ordinary clothes. Those who are convicted wear white dresses with the broad arrow as the only touch of decoration.

They look like a lot of peasants but they are so much more. They are the murderers, the Mau Mau court judges, the oath administrators, the committee members, the thugs' girl friends.

Here is Sara, a midwife who was one of Jomo Kenyatta's favourites before he was arrested in 1952.

Here is Jomo's wife by a Kikuyu tribal marriage, an aging woman who gives little trouble.

Here too is a girl friend of "Field-Marshal" Dedan Kimathi, the toughest and roughest of the surviving terrorist chiefs.

Like him the girl is tough and rough, and when she moves about the camp she has her forest in her walk.

Some of the women are "lifers" who boast to fellow prisoners about killings they have been at. One or two have cut themselves to get human blood for Mau Mau ceremonies inside the barbed-wire. Many have been through the horrible, horrible oath ceremonies.

In her whitewashed office, Mrs Alison copes with all—and with no sign of shock or distaste.

Not that it can be easy for her. She is the stepdaughter of Mr Arundell Gray Leakey, who was kidnapped and buried alive by Mau Mau terrorists.

With her husband listening in, she tells me about the screening carried out at Kamiti. Mr Charles Alison is in charge of the whole camp and his wife is responsible for the women's section.

Some of the "hyena" women have refused for more than a year to respond to the attentions of the screening panels, old and wise Africans who seek a confession.

TOUGH, ROUGH

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Some of the "hyena" women have refused for more than a year to respond to the attentions of the screening panels, old and wise Africans who seek a confession.

TOUGH, ROUGH

Here among the 2,300 women is Kenya's biggest problem, parcelled up in barbed-wire and white prison cloth.

The women who are merely detained wear ordinary clothes. Those who are convicted wear white dresses with the broad arrow as the only touch of decoration.

They look like a lot of peasants but they are so much more. They are the murderers, the Mau Mau court judges, the oath administrators, the committee members, the thugs' girl friends.

Here is Sara, a midwife who was one of Jomo Kenyatta's favourites before he was arrested in 1952.

Here is Jomo's wife by a Kikuyu tribal marriage, an aging woman who gives little trouble.

Here too is a girl friend of "Field-Marshal" Dedan Kimathi, the toughest and roughest of the surviving terrorist chiefs.

Like him the girl is tough and rough, and when she moves about the camp she has her forest in her walk.

Some of the women are "lifers" who boast to fellow prisoners about killings they have been at. One or two have cut themselves to get human blood for Mau Mau ceremonies inside the barbed-wire. Many have been through the horrible, horrible oath ceremonies.

In her whitewashed office, Mrs Alison copes with all—and with no sign of shock or distaste.

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With her husband listening in,



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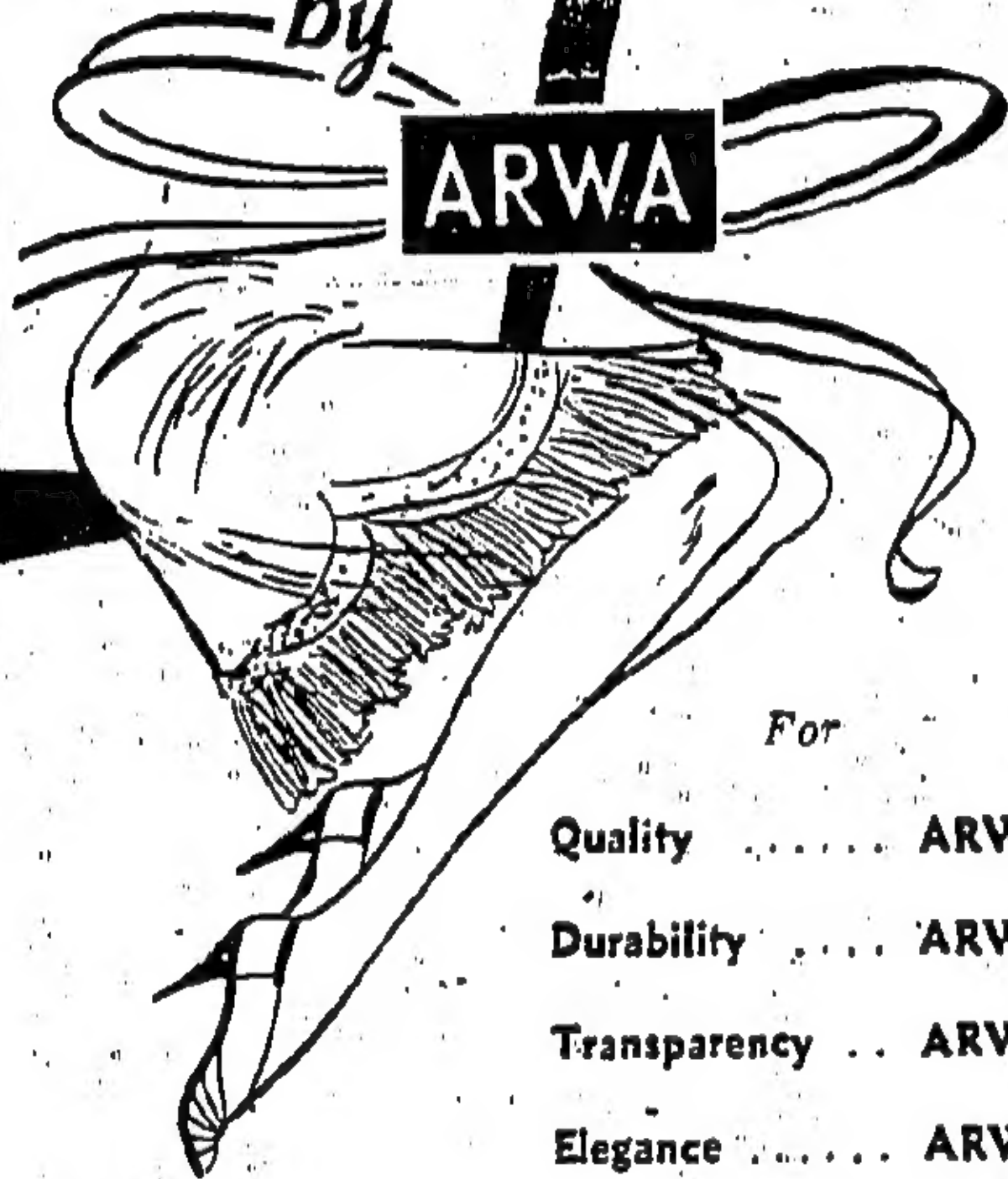
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# YOLANDE DONLAN

## gives Winston a holiday tip



AIR WINSTON CHURCHILL is going to Sicily for his Easter holiday. It was reported yesterday that he will stay at Taormina, 60 miles further along the coast. But in any case, it is still Sicily: all out of season. What will it be like? Well, YOLANDE DONLAN—the stage and screen star with the champagne sense of comedy—has tried Sicily before—the sun-shine. She went with husband Val Guest (the film director) and Tony Beckwith, their partner. And she tells about it in this Saturday Special article.

**G**ETTING to Taormina is no mean trick in the first place. There is, apparently, no direct airline from London to Sicily. You have to fly to Rome, take an air taxi to Naples, take an air taxi to Palermo, take an air taxi to Catania, take a train to Taormina.

And then you take a land taxi everywhere because Taormina is all mountain and everything you want is up it.

Tony Beckwith, our partner, was to play interpreter on this trip. He had spent part of the war years in Italy, and was confident of his role.

On the morning of the Sunday we were due to leave London (in March 1952) he bought an Italian newspaper and promptly informed us we must all be vaccinated immediately or they wouldn't let us land in Rome.

According to the Italian papers, according to Tony, there was a smallpox epidemic and hundreds of

passengers had been turned back.

So the family doctor was hurriedly sought out from a family picnic and the three of us lined up, bared arms, were scratched, dabbed with cotton-wool, plastered, and we just caught our plane to

Rome, one from Marseilles and the other from Rochdale, and anyone landing from those two places had to have certificates. It was obviously the words Marseilles and Rochdale not being in Italian that had thrown him. This brought

would point and say: "Right ever zero—between ze grey cloud and ze black cloud; zat is where is Mount Etna, tomorrow you will see."

On the morning of the third day a fatal sun broke through. We were nearly trampled in the mad rush to the windows to look for Mount Etna. But no.

**There's an awful lot of  
MOONSHINE about  
your SUNSHINE isle**  
(WHEN, LIKE ME, YOU TRY IT OUT-OF-SUMMER)

Rome, complete with three crisp new vaccination certificates.

But when we reached Rome the officials not only didn't want to know about our certificates, but hadn't heard of the epidemic. It seems that Tony had left out a few of the essential words in his translation.

There had been two cases of smallpox coming into

on a slight loss of confidence in our interpreter. However, we gained heart again when he started calling all the porches in Italy "belvedere."

We made straight for the hop-skip-and-jump airways to sunny Sicily.

These air taxis are untrimmed, unstewarded, unfed, unpurified, and uncomfortable planes. Up we went in Rome. Down we came in Naples. Up in Naples, down in Palermo. Up in Palermo, down in Catania, and finally we took our carcases aboard the slow express to Taormina.

"Before the sun disappears let's have a quick look at this wonderful, quiet little square they all talk about," said husband Val.

Now before you can get to the square you have to go through a rough-and-tumble with every shopkeeper in Taormina's one main street. They pull you into their shops, cutting their prices and their opposition's throats with every tug—2,000 lire... 1,000 lire. "Well, then, say 540 lire?"

Ten thousand lire later you come out with an armful of authentic Sicilian relics thoughtfully stamped by the ancient Greeks with old-world slogans like "Come to Taormina."

The "quiet little square" we found, was being rejuvenated by a pneumatic drill and a Sicilian cement mixer.

So we ambled off to find what the guide book described as "the two most beautiful beaches in the world—Isola Bella and Mazzaro." Here the water is so old you can swim around in gold Byzantine coins... they say.

We trotted down the rocky cliff across the railroad tracks, on to a rocky beach, through 10 breast-strokes of sea to another rock bigger than the rest.

This was IT, Isola Bella, "the most beautiful beach in the world"—all rocks and railroad tracks and not a gold Byzantine coin in sight.

**Like bees**

WE picked our way along the railroad tracks to the Mazzaro, most beautiful beach Number 2. Well, it was certainly better than beach Number 1.

There were fewer rocks, more seas, and several assorted bottom-men entangled in nets, pots, rods, reels, paints, and boats. But within five seconds of our setting foot on Mazzaro they had dropped the lot and swarmed round us like bees.

Apparently the thing to do once you get on to Mazzaro is to get off it as quickly as possible and get yourself rowed round to the local grotto.

We were saved by the arrival of an Italian family of eight, fully prepared to risk their lives for a trip to the grotto, provided the price was right.

Mama and the six bambinos climbed in and out of the boat five times before papa came to terms on the how-muchness.

And while they drifted happily into the approaching storm, we climbed back up the mountain vowing that tomorrow we would pack our bargains and try our luck at the most highly recommended isle of all—Capri.

## Gentlemen, Start Thinking!

JILL CRAIGIE hands out a few hints to the men who invent the household gadgets

**I** BELIEVE in gadgets—clothes-washers, dish-washers, waste-grinders, food-mixers, the whole gamut of new kitchen utensils. They can do so much to liberate woman from the kitchen sink; far more than philosophers and politicians.

Yes, the inventor is woman's best friend. All honour to him. But, poor man, how can he know for what women really want? Sometimes he guesses wrong. Sometimes he just

seems obstinate. Sometimes he makes a hopeless botch.

So it is up to us to tell him what we need. Like other males, he must be gaily wooed—or frankly instructed.

Here is my short list of inventions I would like him to look at from the feminine point of view.

At the moment I am using my typewriter. It is almost silent, easy to dust and gaily coloured, a great improvement on my old one. This has all been done to please me. Perhaps I ought to be satisfied. But I am still hankering after my ideal typewriter, one that enables me to change the ribbon without making my hands filthy. I am sure the inventor is clever enough to make it for me.

### Those Lights

I am unhappy about fluorescent lighting. I admit there may be a case for it, if it reduces road accidents at night. But it makes me look like something out of Dante's Inferno.

Now, in the larger stores, I must also choose a new dress in fluorescent lighting. It eliminates shadow and distorts colour. My lipstick turns to a gruesome mauve, my complexion goes faintly green. So how can I tell if the dress becomes me?

Only a man could think light without shadow is a good idea merely because it is practical. As though it is not far more important for artificial lighting to be beautiful, even romantic.

Oddly enough, the new kitchen sink is almost beautiful. Its taps and handles are a joy to the eye, its proportions perfect. All that it needs are one or two finishing touches to make it more practical. No woman can clean behind those taps without bruising her knuckles. And, in the absence of a waste-grinder, the hole in the sink should be made so that it cannot get stopped up.

The inventors of vacuum-cleaners seemed to have stopped trying. The thing that was a miracle in the 'twenties is a monster in the 'fifties. Perhaps we should ask demonstrators to carry them up and down stairs. They would soon discover they had no breath for their sales talk. Why are so many vacuum-cleaners still so heavy?

The designers of TV sets and radiograms baffle me. Our stores are stocked with a variety of furniture, contemporary antiques and reproduc-

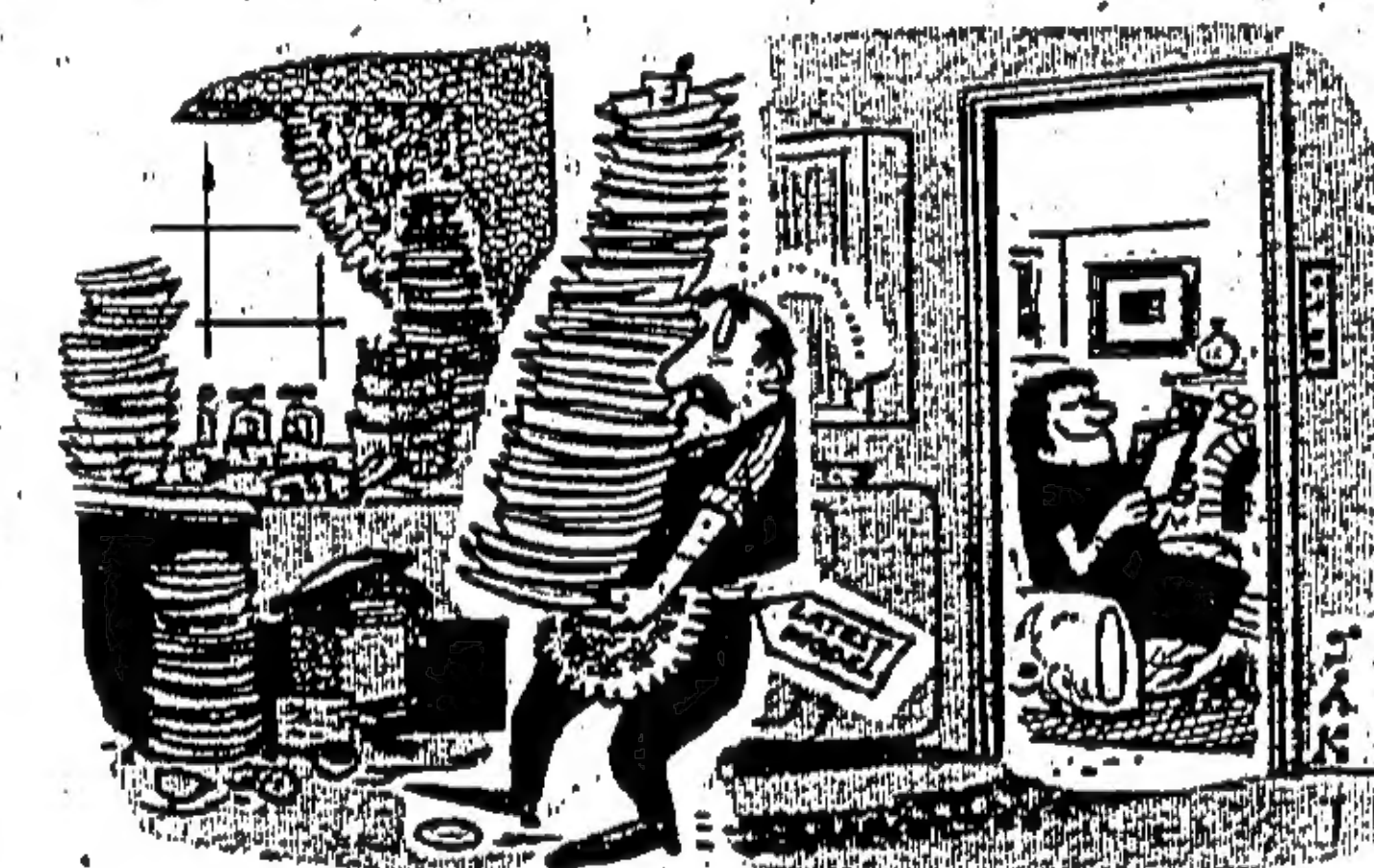
tions. It is made of light oak, dark oak, mahogany, rosewood, maple wood, synthetic wood, painted wood, even iron and leather. Yet TV sets are encased only in shiny veneer, the one material unlikely to blend with most people's furniture.

A fortune awaits the enterprising male who will make these sets to suit all tastes.

### Dangling Legs

Finally, a word about air travel. Its comfort is greatly over-rated, at least for a woman under 5ft. 8in. She is stuck in her seat hour after hour. True, it can be levered back into a reclining position, but it cannot be levered up and down. Women like my kind are legs dangling in an excruciating position. If they are natural floor squatters, the journey becomes an endurance test. It is time an ingenious male produced a thoroughly adjustable seat.

He will, of course. Indeed, all these requests will be granted. When have men ever failed to give us anything within their power, whether it is minks or sinks? All we have to do is ask.



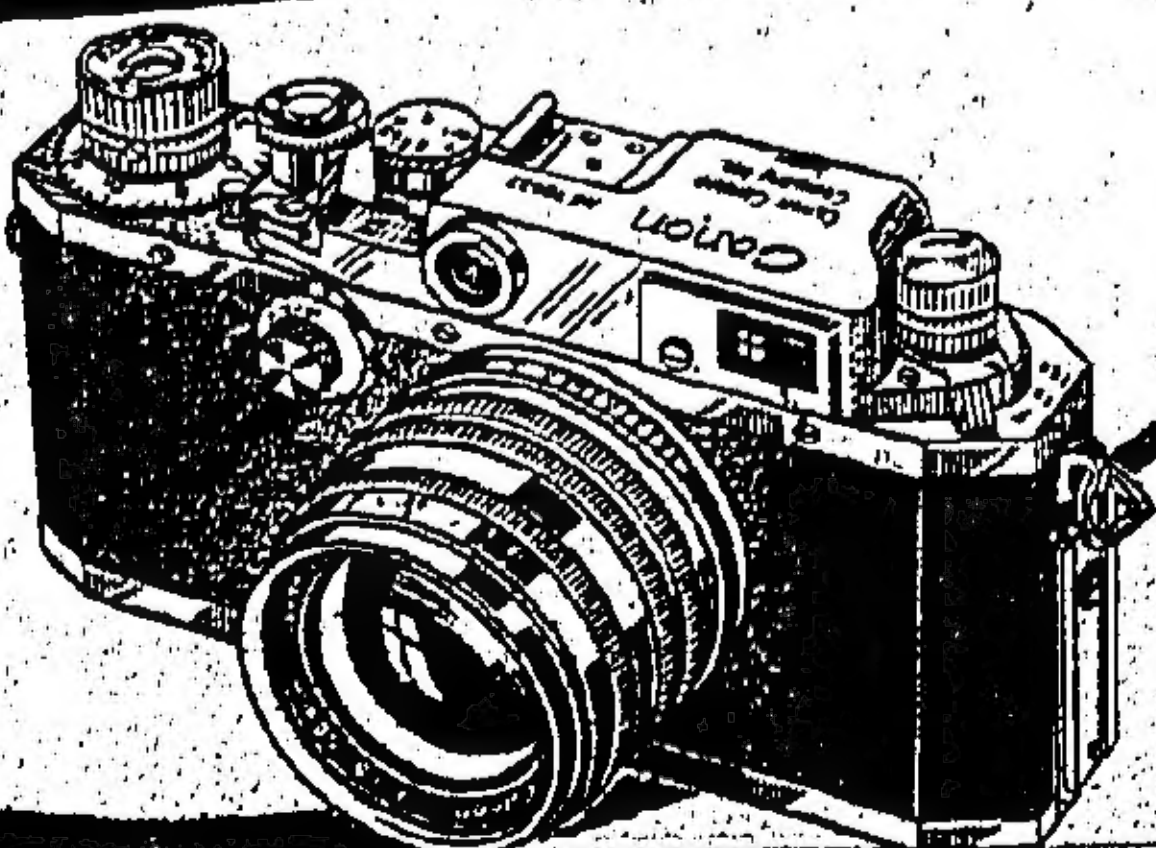
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### JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation  
calls for a  
**San  
Miguel**



# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## ANNE SCOTT-JAMES says: I'm all for a little bit of gossip, but— **BEWARE** the VOICE of the **VIPER...**

London. THE saddest story of the month is the broken engagement of an invalid woman of 43 and her fiancé of 21.

"I can't stand friends visiting me," said the lady in the case, "because of the things they tell me about being said."

My advice to the lady is: CHANGE YOUR FRIENDS. For "I thought you ought to know" is the deadliest phrase in the English language. It is not the people who are talking about you who are doing you harm. The vipers are the people who—meaning oh, so well—insist on telling you what other people say.

Broadly speaking, I am thoroughly in favour of gossip.

The vagaries of human behaviour provide half the fun in life, and it would be boring and unnatural to keep silent about them.

If the housemaid next door flirts outrageously with the milkman (heavily married)—I call that interesting, and well worthy of comment.

If the boss has a liver attack and sacks the nicest office boy—well, that's interesting, too.

If the local squire buys a new Bentley, but won't subscribe to the cricket club... or if the parson's wife voted for her own dry buns in the cake contest... or if that ox of a prizefighter is terrified of his tiny, fragile wife—that's interesting, again.

If a film star is getting megalomania, or a prince loves a beggarmaid, or a City magnate is bursting for a peerage, or two M.P.s won't sit in the same room together, they are all providing legitimate topics of gossip.

After all, there are only about five things to talk about: abstract ideas, the arts, daily life, places—and people. Good conversation consists of a mixture of the elements, with a good whack of it spent on people.

Most of us talk a lot about our friends and they talk a lot about us. But we do not gossip to hurt them and we do not love each other the less.

### Talk that kills

But the person who reports gossip to the subject of it—he is the mischief maker. His is the talk that kills.

You can decently say, "Harry, your work has been terrible lately." You are giving Harry a chance to hit back.

You can say: "Don't you think Harry's work has been terrible lately?" That's fair comment (unless, meaning mischief, you say it to Harry's boss).

But: "Harry, everyone is saying your work has been terrible lately," is the voice of the viper. It raises mist of doubt in the wretched Harry's mind, and he imagines that wherever people are gathered together, tongues are clacking to his detriment.

So, lady—with the young-fiancee, ignore your informative friends, if you want to be happy.



BUZZ, BUZZ goes the fashion talk at the height of the spring season. One topic is the new jewellery and the things they are doing with beads. Above: two new necklaces designed by Adrien Maun; a fringe of pearls, and a bead necklace with tassels.

### MORE GOSSIP—but on fashion

BUZZ, buzz goes the fashion world in March. As this is the peak season in the fashion business I thought you'd like to hear some of the gossip.

IT BUZZES about the speed with which the A-line is catching on. (Other new trends too.) There will be perfect A-line suits in the shops by mid-April.

There are cotton dresses with box pleats falling from the hips in the shops already. There are lots of spring suits belted round the hips.

If anything seems to lag, I'd say it was coats. Still too many loose tent coats.

But, in general, the pace of British fashion is moving faster

and faster. We no longer count as a Backward Nation.

IT BUZZES about the shortage of good model girls. Never, never, say the photographers have models been so scarce.

Strange that out of a population of 50,000,000 there are perhaps six girls with truly photogenic faces and the right measurements. See two of them: Pat O'Reilly and Ann Gunning, above. (Come to think of it, both are Irish.)

IT BUZZES with pleasure that at last more women are getting really big jobs in the shops. Evelyn Whiteside at Fortnum and Mason, Hazel Hammond at Jay's and Penberthy's, Laurie Newton Sharp at Harrods.

IT BUZZES with talk about fabrics. It's fantastic what science is doing: good new fabric inventions twice a minute.

Fabrics interwoven with gold wash so well that they are even being used for swimsuits. There are new cottons you don't iron. New mixtures of

nylon with wool, cotton, or rayon.

These mixtures have double advantages: good looks plus the strength which rayon adds.

And washable-pleated cotton is going to be the fabric of the summer.

IT BUZZES with surprise that the only new accessory this spring is beads, beads, and more beads. There are the old multiple ropes, in brilliant new colours with a sheen on them like lustre china.

And some new shapes in bead necklaces, like those in the picture.

IT BUZZES with the fact that we are getting new swimsuit shapes at last. Scooped here by Demachy is the fashionable chemise shape.



Smart separates in colors borrowed from the sun... designed and tailored by Phil Jacobs to mix or match to your heart's content in washable Sharktail, the light-weight salicloth young America loves.

Miss Lydia Rowe, Yardley resident Beauty Specialist, is now in attendance for consultation.

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## The Colleens Beat Them All!

By EILEEN ASCROFT

IT'S true! The Irish girls are the loveliest in the world. Having spent three days among them I am able to report that their skins are milkier, their lips redder, their eyes more sparkling and their hair blacker.

There's only one thing lacking in Dublin and that is a blonde head. But the colleens do have small waists, soft, charming voices and dancing feet.

The world's most attractive mother of a large family is Irish. Seven children have not spoiled Maureen O'Sullivan's film-star beauty and figure.

A regular supply of Hollywood beauties is exported annually from Eire and many of London's model girls, among them Anne Gunning, Pat O'Reilly, and newcomers Rachel Severne, Maureen Trendell and Maureen O'Leary are of Irish descent.

But not all Irish beauty is for export. One lovely colleen who stayed at home is Miss Doon Plunket, beautiful granddaughter of the late millionaire Ernest Guinness.

### WAR OF THE SHAMROCKS

THERE'S a serious challenger on the horizon for Irish fashion designer Sybil Connolly. Her exclusive little world of red flannel petticoats, green velvet cloaks and hand-woven tweeds is being successfully invaded by Irene Gilbert.

Both have soft, rolling brogues, Sybil is prettier, but Irene has charm, often a more deadly weapon in the fight for success. She also has a lot of talent.

America is Sybil's happiest hunting ground. She flew off recently with her new collection, which is bound to sell well to American stores. Irene did an America trip last year and they loved her clothes, too. The fashion world is fickle—they like a new name and a fresh face.

Sybil doesn't usually bother to show in London. Buyers sufficiently interested must make the journey to Dublin. Irene brought her collection to London in January and nice orders were the result.

Personally, I feel that Irish fashions will have a longer life in England than America's.

Americans love the Connolly-Gilbert clothes for their novelty—washerman petticoats, handkerchief linings with insets of convent-crocheted lace, balmain weaves. But in England our affections are slower and more lasting. For us Irish fashions have a different appeal. We like the reasonable prices and the lovely quality of hand-woven materials.

### IRISH COLLECTION HIGHLIGHTS

Sybil Connolly... white Irish linen duster coats with shaped bustlines, giving almost a coat-dress appearance; cocktail dresses of hand-crocheted lace, threaded with ribbon, and theatre coats of pleated paper linen, which can be rolled in a ball for packing without creasing.

Irene Gilbert... misty tweeds, hand-woven in flower shades like hydrangea blue; four-piece travel outfits in feather-weight Irish wools; three-colour long-body-line dresses, woven specially for the wearer all in one piece.

### TIME-SAVERS

SOME of us manage to save money, others don't succeed and a careless few don't care. But there is one thing we all try to save every day... TIME.

President Eisenhower has trained himself to bath, shave and dress in 20 minutes flat, which must be almost a masculine record. Former President, Harry S. Truman found himself losing time by constantly changing spectacles and switched to bifocals.

Here are some other time-savers I have collected: Patricia Hollander, writer-daughter of Count Vivian Hollander, has a beauty tray with mirror across the bath and can do her make-up while she soaks.

Ronald Patterson, one of London's Top Twelve dress designers, disposes of breakfast, newspapers, mail and sketches for the day all in bed before rising while he is safe from interruptions.

Anthony Crossland, M.P. has a shoulder-rest fitted to his telephone receiver, to keep his hands free for writing. He also tells me he puts his porridge on to boil before dressing so that there is no waiting for breakfast.

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## OSTERMILK

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MRS. Tai Han-fun (centre), President of the Hongkong YWCA, snapped with Dr. Hilda Chan (left) and Miss Julia Chan before they emplaned last Sunday for New York, where they will attend the 20th U.S. National Convention of the YWCA movement. (Staff Photographer)

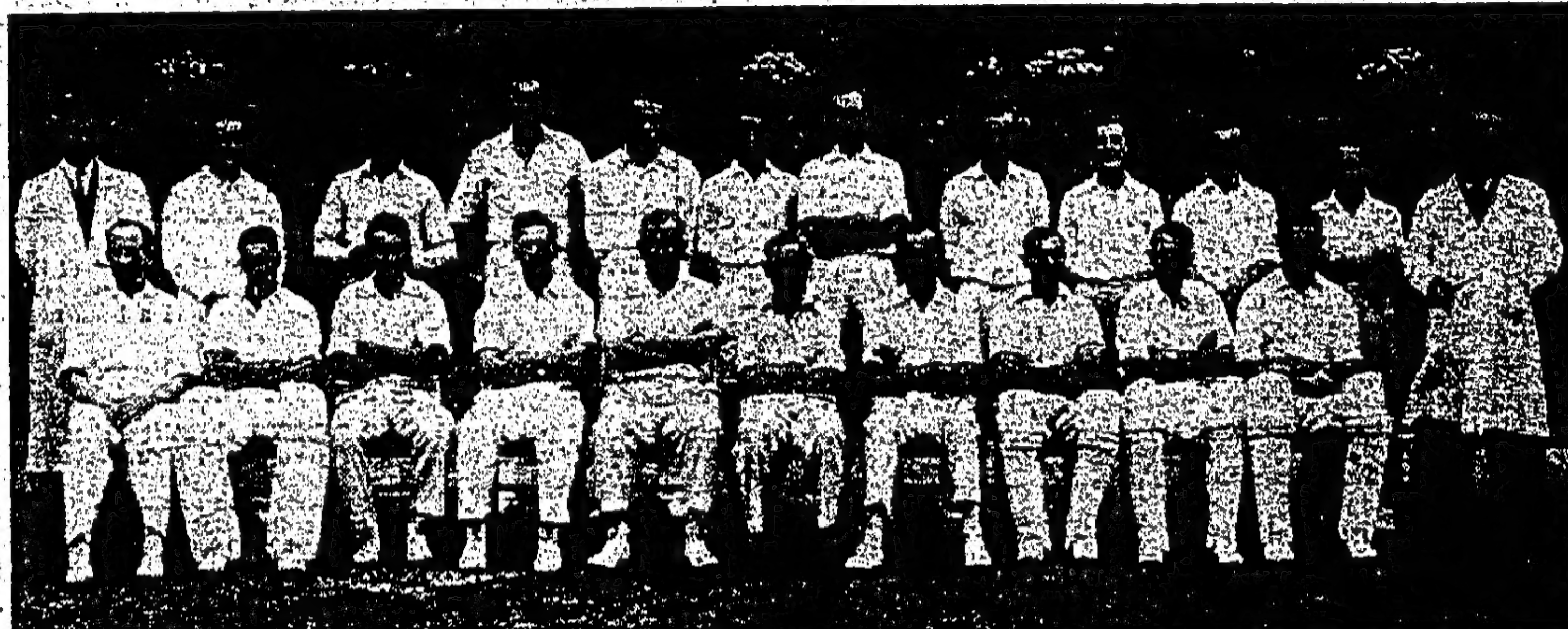


HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, listens as Mr R. S. Tomkins, Acting Air Traffic Control Officer, explains the working of his department. It was during His Excellency's visit of inspection to Kai Tak Airport last week. On the left is Mr M. J. Muspratt-Williams, Director of Civil Aviation. (Staff Photographer)

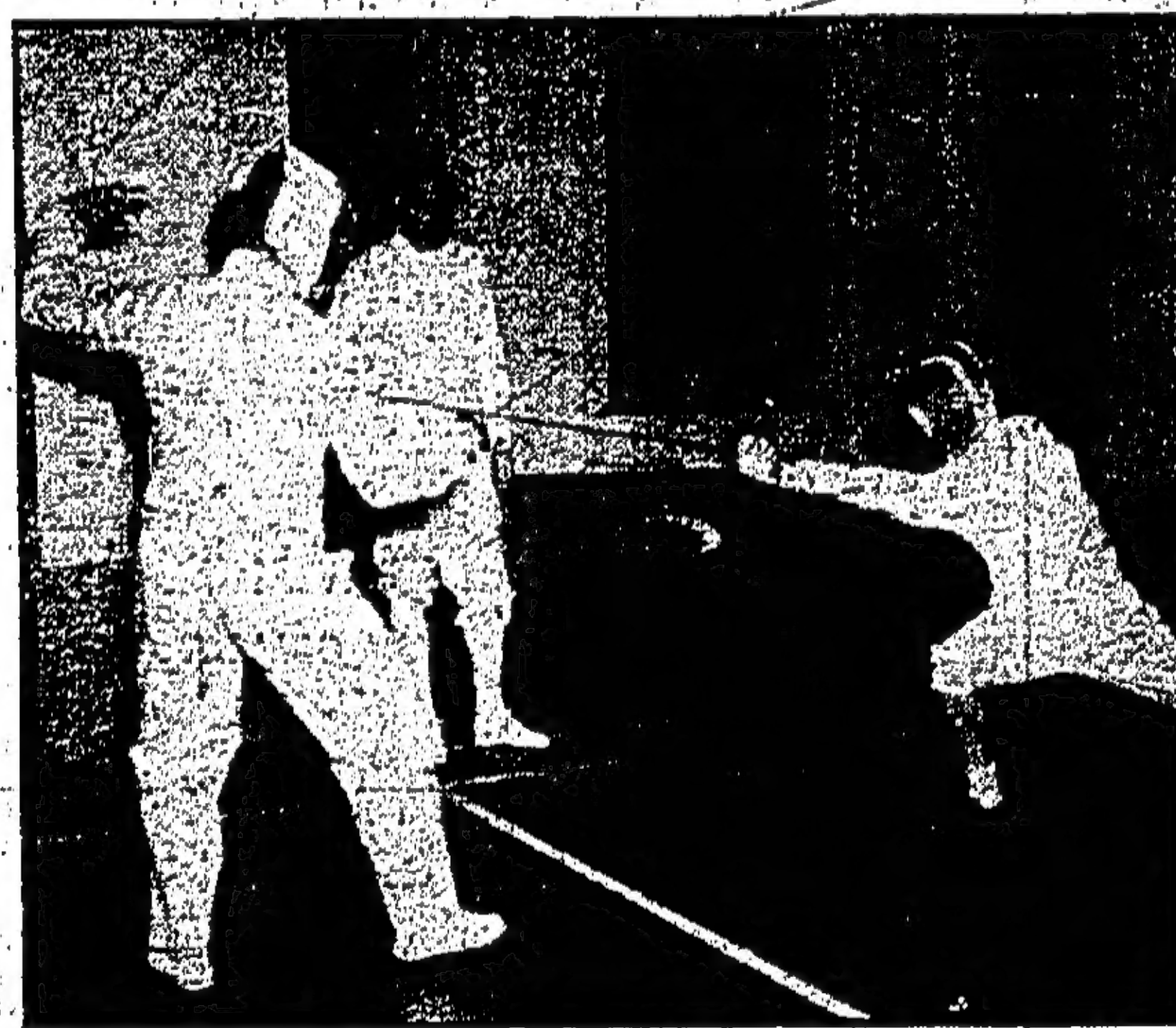
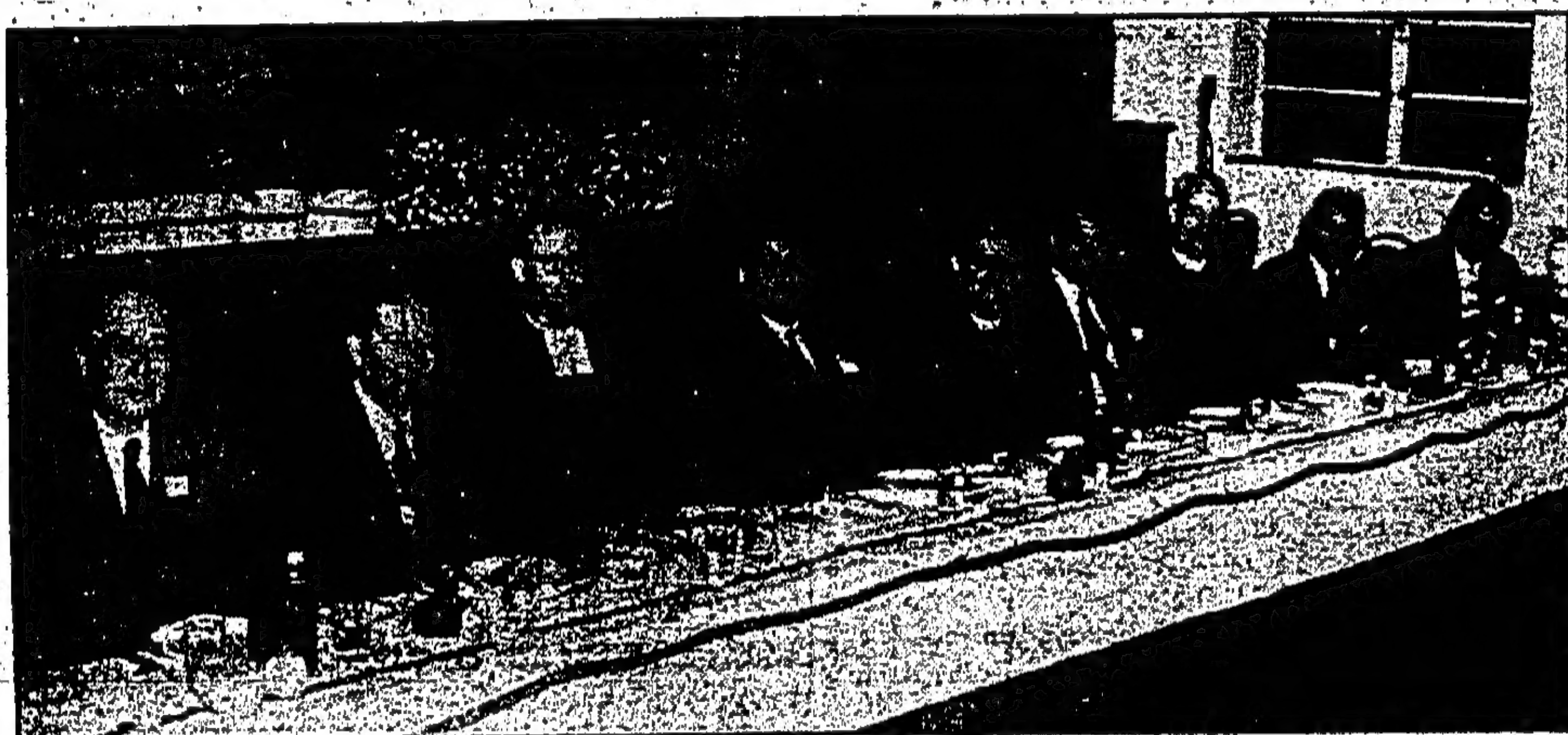


HAPPY bridal group at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. Occasion was the wedding of Flying Officer David Parry, Aide-de-Camp to the Air Officer Commanding, and Miss Elspeth Margaret Barclay Hoole. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: The official table at the annual dinner of St Joseph's College Old Boys' Association. From left: Mr J. B. Pomeroy, Dr the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues, Bro. Raphael, the Hon. Dhun Ruttonjee (President), Bro. Cassian, Mr Li Fook-woo, Bro. Paul, Mr P. C. Woo and Mr F. M. Castro. (Staff Photographer)



TEAMS representing the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers who played in the annual inter-Corps friendly match last Sunday at the Kowloon Cricket Club. The Gunners won by 88 runs. (Staff Photographer)



AT the University of Michigan Club dinner celebrating the 138th anniversary of the founding of their alma mater. Mrs S. T. Cheng, Vice-President, handing a piece of the birthday cake to Mr Raymond Chen, President. The celebration was held at the Bank of Canton Club. (Staff Photographer)

MR G. A. Goodban, Headmaster of the Diocesan Boys' School, raises a laugh at the farewell party given to him and Mrs Goodban by members of Christ Church, Kowloon Tong. Mr and Mrs Goodban are shortly leaving Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)

LUNGE parried carte. On the left is Sgt R. Forbes, of the Army, and on right Mr K. W. Yeung, of the Police. Movement snapped during the Foils League match at the Police Gymnasium on Monday, which was won by the Army side. (Staff Photographer)



COLOURFUL traditional Chinese ceremonial robes mix with modern bridal dresses at the wedding of Mr Francis H. B. Wong and Miss Yvonne Yuen-wah Chan. The wedding took place at St Teresa's Church. (Staff Photographer)

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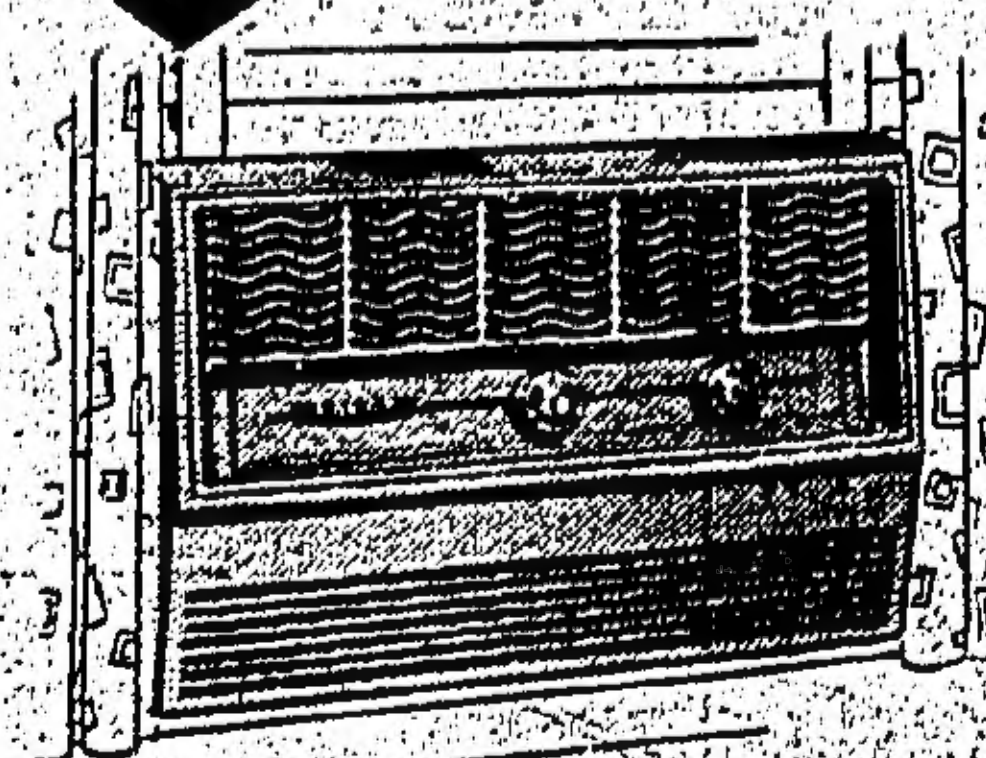
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WINNERS at the Royal Hongkong Defence Force rifle meeting last week-end. Upper picture shows No. 11 Platoon of the Hongkong Regiment, winners of the Chaylesmore Cup. From left: L/Cpl F. A. Gutierrez, Pte E. M. Rozario, Sgt J. I. Danilevitch, CQMS R. O. Baker and Cpl J. M. Pereira. Picture immediately above shows the top three shots. Pte E. M. Rozario (centre) had the highest score. Capt. D. C. C. Luddington (right) and L/S R. F. Remedios were second and third respectively. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Violet Chan gave a dinner at her Po Shan Road residence last Saturday to members of the Sino-British Club. Committee members present are seen above. Seated, from left: Mrs M. Visick, Miss Margarette Yu, Miss Janet Tomblin and Mrs Violet Chan. Standing: Col A. McL. Young, Mr Ma Meng, Mr J. Blitz and Mr E. A. Innes. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. R. B. Black, who is shortly leaving Hongkong to take up his appointment as Governor of Singapore, seated between Mrs R. C. Lee and Mr Parkin Wong at the farewell dinner party given in his honour by the Hongkong and Kowloon Kaifong Welfare Associations. (Staff Photographer)



PROFESSOR Gordon Brown, Professor of Architecture at the Hongkong University, speaking at the opening of the exhibition of modern paintings by Mr Douglas Bland at the British Council Library. Mr Bland is second from left. (Staff Photographer)



KANG WONG and Gennadii in a classical adagio to Schubert's music. Two of Larissa Tesar's pupils who will dance in "Scuola di Ballo" at the Empire Theatre next Thursday in aid of the Hongkong Sea Training School and Boys' Camp, Stanley.

LEFT: The AOC, Air Commodore R. C. Field, inspecting the silver model of a Spitfire presented to Group Captain A. W. Wood (second from left), who has relinquished command of the Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force. On extreme right is Air Commodore S. E. Faber, and second from right is S/Ldr G. Bain, who is the HKAAP's new CO. Scene at a dinner in the RHKDF Officers' Mess, Volunteer Centre, on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)

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AT a party held at the Club Lusitano last Saturday to honour Mrs Alda Marques. Mr H. Sardeman, Manager of the Nationale Handelsbank, presenting a gift to Mrs Marques for long and loyal service to the bank. (Staff Photographer)



MR T. Maughon, winner of the Cheero Club billiards championship, receiving his trophy from Mrs M. Gardiner at the conclusion of the tournament last week. (Staff Photographer)

**Van Heusen**

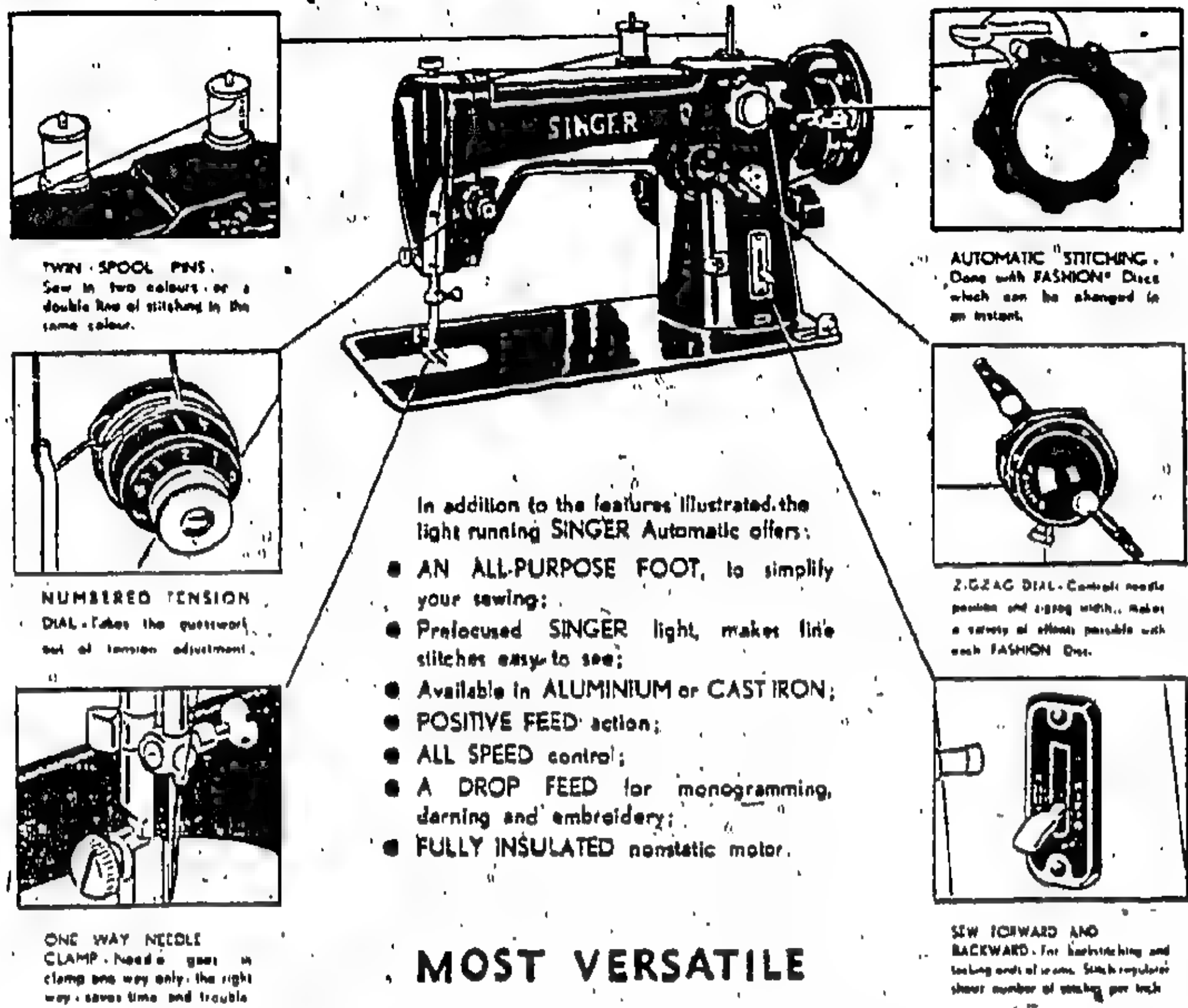
A VERY NEAT SHIRT INDEED FOR THE MAN OF QUIET TASTE. IN SHADES OF BLUE, GREY, AND FAWN, THERE ARE ALSO PLAIN COLOURED WOOL TIES, TO TONE OR CONTRAST IN TWENTY-FIVE DIFFERENT COLOURS.

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## PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

How Do You Bring Up A Baby Globe-trotter?  
The Monsarrat Way Is—

### Scrap Routine And Follow The "Feed On Demand" Principle

IF your baby is destined to be a globe-trotter with parents from two different continents living in a third how do you bring him up.

Easy, says an elegant 35-year-old South African mother whose husband is English, whose first child was born in Canada eight months ago and who is due to become a mother for the second time two months from now. "You scrap routine, do away with stop-watches and don't try running him efficiently like a railway timetable."

"In fact," says Philippa Monsarrat, wife of Nicholas Monsarrat, of the upbringing of her son Marc. "You let him establish his own routine and he'll never cry."

Mrs. Monsarrat is a follower of the "feed on demand" principle for bringing up baby.

"When he cries we know he is either hungry or needs cuddling. Whichever it is he gets," she told me as young Marc sat composedly on her knee and lent a wondering eye and a listening ear to the interview.

"If he cried six times a day for meals—then he'd get six meals a day."

"Fortunately, however, he wants to eat only three times."

by  
**Anne  
Sharpley**

"But he's accommodating, very accommodating. One night, for instance, we had just arrived from Canada and were travelling from Southampton to London and couldn't feed him until two hours after his usual time. He just sat and grinned as though he perfectly understood that this was an unusual circumstance. Now you couldn't do that with a routine fed baby with an alarm-clock in his tummy."

"Of course this idea wasn't revolutionary to me when I first heard about it. After all I'd no notion of how to bring up a baby and it seemed more logical to treat a baby as a human being than a piece of machinery. More conventional people are horrified."

#### NO HARM

Mrs. Monsarrat casually dumped Marc into the lap of a stranger and mixed herself another gin. She was an intriguing figure in light black slacks, a brilliant gold and black short-sleeved and slippers of knitted gold thread.

"None of this regular hours, milk-drinking and non-smoking for me," she told me with a wave of a long cigarette holder.

"Why should pregnancy mean a sort of return to school-girl habits? I stay up all night when I want to and drink as much as I want."

"It doesn't seem to have done him any harm," with a gesture towards Marc, whose waving feet and arms spoke of more contentment than sense of rhythm.

"Of course he could still grow up to be a delinquent. But I



YOUNG MR. MONSARRAT (AND MOTHER).  
'A delinquent?—I don't think so.'

don't think so. Do you think so, Nicholas?" Mr. Monsarrat didn't think so, either.

Marc has been on solid food since the age of two months, when he established that the liked three meals a day only. He commands a menu of meat, vegetables, porridge, and drinks unaided from his own cup.

Here is Marc's achievement record on the "feed on demand" principle. Weight at birth 5lb. 11oz. Weight increase a week for the first five months—eight ounces. Present increase three of four ounces.

But the system really paid off when the Monsarrats were able to pack up baby and his belongings, take him by train to New York without a whimper. "In New York we had one tiny

lapse, but when I put my finger in his mouth I discovered a brand-new tooth, so that was excused."

#### NO TEARS

Then there was a five-day rough crossing with the sea being so cruel as was to be expected. He even collected a black eye through the ship's rolling—but still this junior staid smiled.

Finally there was the journey to London with a two-hour delayed meal and all the fuss and fun of getting settled into a hotel suite. And yet no tears.

"Of course," added his mother, "I may not be so lucky next time."

"All my ghastly friends predict the worst for the next baby."

(London Express Service)

## Old-fashioned Kitchen Remodelled

By ELEANOR ROSS

THE kitchen is fast coming into its own again as something more than a small, highly efficient, shiny, laboratory-white sort of room.

Nowadays the home means more to the family as the do-it-yourself trend grows.

The kitchen is apt to be larger in many new homes and when remodeling is done, the specifications generally call for a big, modern, cheerful kitchen. Colour is back, and beautiful, kitchen wallpaper and all sorts of brightly hued accessories are getting popular. Of course, there are always some conventional people in whom habit dies hard, and for them, the white kitchen is essential. If so, why not brighten up the white with a coloured border, some gay curtains and plants, as well as with coloured cutlery or decals on the white cabinet doors and on caulkers and such?

The rocker appears in many of the new kitchens, together with a functional "corner" to take care of bills, recipes, household arrangements and like items that come within the homemaker's orbit. Brightly coloured pottery and mixing bowls add their splashes of colour.

A gay wallpaper is a pleasing way of adding colourful cheer to the kitchen. Of course, the pattern of the paper will depend on the area of exposed wall space, the type of cabinets and the hoped-for effect. If the cabinets cover most of the wall, then a dramatic pattern and bold colours can be used. But, if the exposed wall areas are large, then a medium-scale design is more suitable, especially one done in cheerful fruit or vegetable pattern.

In general, it is best to avoid heavy colours such as deep blue, strong green or deep red in the kitchen. Far better, are such shades as a sunny yellow, aqua blue or a light blue-green.

For a kitchen in an old house where the walls are uneven, a large-scale wallpaper may be used. If the wallpapering is not removed, it should be painted a colour to harmonise with the wallpaper.

Bright colours will do much for a dark, drab old kitchen as will cheerful kitchen accessories and curtains. With the trend for the large, old-fashioned kitchens can be made really charming. It's a good trick to frame the windows with a coffee pot of gay daisies or fruit design or a bright plaid. Cottage curtains are back, prettier than ever, just perfect for kitchen windows. For odd-size windows, part of the cottage set can be used—the top with shirred valance and tie-back curtains, or just the plain bottom pair.

## Expert Debunks Some Food Myths

DETROIT. FISH is not brain food, white eggs are no more nourishing than brown ones, raw meat isn't more nourishing than cooked meat, food left in open tins will not spoil and raw foods are not the best.

These and other popular myths about food have been exploded by Wayne University professor Marquette Huyck.

"These food fallacies," said Miss Huyck, "stem from theories based on insufficient laboratory evidence and distortions of facts for personal exploitation."

Miss Huyck pointed out that meat proteins are not damaged by heat and cooked meat is more palatable and easier to digest than raw or rare meat.

The difference between white and brown eggs is merely one of geographical preference. There is no difference in nutritive value. Food left in an open tin in the refrigerator is safe, although acid foods may change flavour. Fish is not a brain food, and no one has yet discovered a food that specifically aids brain activity, Miss Huyck said.

Raw foods are not the best because cooking kills germs and improves digestibility, said Miss Huyck. United Press.

## Sprinkle E-x-c-i-t-e-m-e-n-t Into That So-Simple Dish

By PAMELA RICHARD

YOU can't afford exciting meals with food the price is? But you can.

How? By taking the high cost of eating as a challenge to your skill as a cook (and, of course, refusing to pay through the nose).

The simplest dishes are often the most tasty, and they are the ones that show the difference between good cooks and the also-rans.

You don't have to serve rare and expensive foods to be exotic. A rich beef stew put on the table in the casserole it is cooked in can be as exciting—especially if you add a dash of panrika, or a little chopped chili.

#### BE-BOLD

Even humble cod is a delicacy when cooked the Flemish way in a spoonful of wine with a sprinkling of nutmeg and shallot; or this German way—fried and served with warm potato salad.

Think a bit, decide to be bold, and you can give your man about the house a three-course dinner that is different and not too expensive.

Prove it now with today's menu.  
CREME VICHYSOISE (veal and potato soup).  
For two you need: 1 large leek; 1 large potato; 1 cup white stock; ¼ pint milk; butter.

Put the vegetables small and put in a saucepan with a little butter. Season and cover. Leave on a very low heat for 10 minutes, shaking the pan occasionally.

Cover the vegetables with stock and simmer until cooked. Add the milk and simmer 15 minutes.

The soup can be served as it is or with the vegetables sieved. Finish with a knob of butter.

#### TRY CIDER

FILETS DE SOLE AU CIDER (fillets of sole cooked in cider).  
For two you need: 4 fillets of sole; 1 small shallot; 1 small glass cider; flour; seasoning; butter; parsley.

Put the fish in a fireproof dish lightly buttered, add salt and pepper, and the chopped shallot.

Pour in the cider and cook in a medium oven.

When the fish is cooked put the cider in a saucepan and thicken with a little flour and butter. Sprinkle in chopped parsley and pour sauce over fillets. Serve with fried potatoes.

#### A FIND

PAIN PERDU (literally "lost bread"—dried egg bread).  
For two you need: 2 slices stale bread from a small white loaf; 1 egg yolk; dessertspoon sugar; milk; vanilla; butter.

Take off crusts and soak the bread in a little milk flavoured with vanilla and sweetened. Press dry, taking care not to break slices.

Dip in egg yolk and fry in a little hot butter until golden. Drain on a cloth or absorbent paper, add sugar, serve hot.

## Four Male Hairstyles

MALE hairstyles came under discussion at the annual dinner of the Fellowship of Hair Artists.

According to president Mr. Philip Woolf, "It is no longer considered classy for a man to have a wave pressed in front of his hair. With Englishmen that is a very great advance."

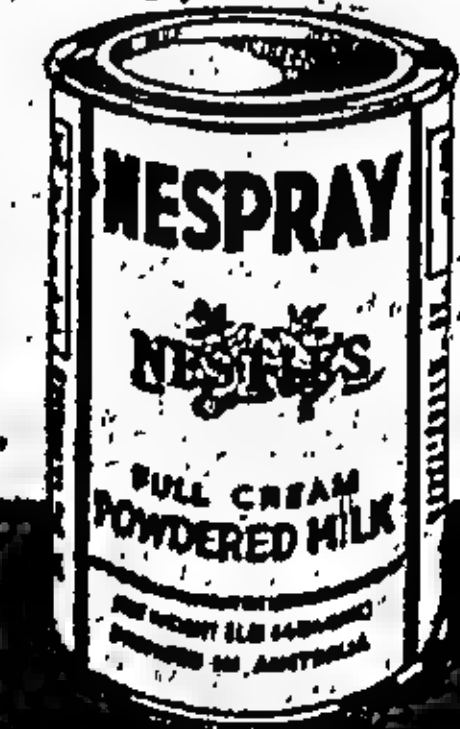
There are four top styles of hair at present.  
ALBANY is best suited to the man about town. It features a blow-dry, fringed, with a slight brush-back. Nick Lord, Alexander share this style. (London Express Service)

Patrick and dress designer Norman Hartnell choose this style.

CITY TRIM, for the business man, has no sideboards, a right side parting and the hair tapered at the sides. Donald Sinden and Bernard Braden are good examples.

BOND STREET, for the young, gay man, is short and springy. Stirling Moss has this haircut, so has Honor Collinson.

## IT'S NESPRAY POWDERED WHOLE MILK



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ANOTHER OF NESTLE'S GOOD THINGS





## Sir Beverley Baxter Among The Billiard Players

THE CITY OF LONDON  
HONOURS A MAN WHO  
WANTED NOTHING

HOW big is the City of London? Sorry—you are wrong. What is the population of the City of London? Twelve millions? Any advance on twelve millions? Dear, dear, dear! You could not be more wrong.

Forgive this somewhat didactic opening, but as one who has normally an indifference to statistics I feel a glow of virtue in my special knowledge on this subject. The City of London is quite a tiny place—a mere 700-odd acres. You could put it into Toronto and hardly know it was there.

I am sorry to have to inform you that when night falls the City becomes almost uninhabited, unless there is a banquet at the Guildhall or the Mansion House. Whereas in 1890 there was a night population of nearly 40,000 it has now dwindled to little more than 4,000.

Believe it or not, this small community used to send six MPs to Westminster. Then, as the scythe of progress swung in its endless war on tradition, the six were reduced to four, the four to two, and now it has no exclusive representation at all. In fact the City of London has been blended, for Parliamentary purposes, into the constituency of Westminster.

## An Invitation

But my Tory friend, Sir Harold Webbe, because his seat contains the City, can sit on the Government Front Bench at the opening of Parliament whether he is a supporter or an opponent of the Government.

All this is a preamble to the fact that a few weeks ago I received an official invitation to attend the Guildhall at eleven o'clock of the morning when Mr Louis St Laurent, Prime Minister of Canada, was to have the Freedom of the City of London bestowed on him. This meant that we would have to dress as if we were going to Ascot, but it would be worth it.

The Guildhall was badly damaged when Hitler bombed it on that mad Saturday night in 1940. Hitler was an odd fish. Even the German Intelligence must have known that the City would be sparsely inhabited at

night, and also that most of the buildings were antiquated and would have to be replaced in due course. Fortunately the flames from the mad incendiary attack just stopped short of St Paul's. It was a matter of a few yards, almost a few feet, but the Cross on Wren's masterpiece seemed to hold the flames at bay as if to show that the Spirit could defy the very Devil.

When the war ended and the vast national rebuilding problem faced the British, it was wisely decided that the Guildhall should be restored. That was a brave decision, and a wise decision. Tradition is a precious thing.

So we gathered to the Guildhall on this mild winter morning and were shown to our seats by bearded ushers carrying what seemed to be very long billiard cues. In fact they looked as if they had been playing a game and had been interrupted by our arrival.

## Big Fellows

When we lesser folk were in our places the Big Fellows began to arrive. Each one was duly announced and was then conducted up by the senior billiard player to the platform reserved for the stars. The Commonwealth Conference was on at the time, so we had a chance to see most of its political leaders and to give them such measure of applause as our hearts and heads dictated.

That pensive, smiling, handsome mystic, Pandit Nehru, drew quite a round of approval. So did Sir Geoffrey Higgins, who has given his life to the Rhodesians. Mr Holland was hailed enthusiastically because everybody likes New Zealanders, but it was 'burly, handsome Bob Menzies of Australia who received the biggest ovation. I remember dining with him in London early in the war and asking him what was his major joy. "You are looking at it," he said, with a grin. "It was literally true. His Government had a majority of one, which is not enough."

## Loves London

I suggested that if he were deported in Australia, he ought to come to London and join the Conservative Party. He could become the great Imperial figure in Westminster, London and all Britain would acclaim him and—who knows?—he might rise to the leadership of the Tory Party.

He loved London so much that on his periodical visits here he would wander for miles in the highways and byways of the great metropolis, happy to be alone in the vast companionship of the Bagdad of the West.

"My job is in Australia," he said, and went home to be defeated.

Well, let us return to the Guildhall and the billiard play-

ers. Their game was nearly over. A few British Cabinet Ministers and their wives were shown to their seats with varying degrees of applause, and then there came a dramatic pause.

The British do this kind of thing magnificently. They have a sense of pageantry greater than the ancient Romans. Their timing is perfect. No one ever issues an order or a command. They have been doing it for centuries and they have nothing to learn from anybody.

## Sharp On Time

Outside in the swirling, crazy streets of this ancient miniature city, omnibuses, motor cars, cyclists and pedestrians were crowding each other in the normal mad congestion, but the police saw to it that the official guests were given precedence over the taxpayers. And so, sharp on time, there appeared at the entrance of the ancient Hall the quiet, smiling Prime Minister of Canada.

The senior billiard player took a deep breath and in stentorian tones announced: "The Right Honourable Louis Stephen St Laurent, member of Her Majesty's most excellent Privy Council, Learned Doctor of Law, Queen's Counsel, Prime Minister of Canada."

And as a mighty roar rose from the concourse, those of us who were Canadians had something like a lump in our throats. We were proud of this man, and we were proud of Canada.

So Mr St Laurent was conducted to the platform and duly welcomed by the Lord Mayor. The billiard players retreated to an obscure place, and the big show was on.

## Responsibilities

In a felicitous speech the Lord Mayor, in his robes paid tribute to the guest of honour. He said all the right things and showed that he either knew Canada pretty well or had swotted up on the subject, and having welcomed this son of Canada (with his mixed Irish and French blood) the Lord Mayor duly bestowed on him the Freedom of the City of London, whereupon we all applauded loud and long.

But do not imagine that you can enjoy such a distinction without responsibilities. In solemn tones Mr St Laurent was informed that he must acquaint the authorities if he heard of any plots against the safety and the happiness of Her Majesty the Queen. Not only that, but he must at once inform the Lord Mayor of any dirty work on foot to lessen the dignity and authority of the Corporation of the City of London. Mr St Laurent's eyes twinkled but his nod indicated that he would be on the lookout for any rough stuff.

Then he rose to acknowledge the honour, and there was a second ovation. Now the test had come. Oratory is not always the attribute of Canadians. R. B. Bennett was sonorous and logical but he lacked the magic of language. Mackenzie King was as shrewd as Mazzini but his voice was thin. I don't know about Sir John A. MacDonald, but he must have been an effective speaker to have dominated his generation so successfully.

I never heard Sir Wilfrid Laurier speak, but he was undoubtedly an orator of great persuasive quality. Now in the Guildhall the assembly waited for the attractive, French-Canadian accent of Monsieur St Laurent.

But there was no such accent. Mr St Laurent spoke with what might be called a soft Ontario enunciation. He had no tricks. He had no Churchillian asides. He made no ladder of words on which to climb to glory. Yet, he scored neatly when, after describing the long struggle between the French and the British, he said, "After a time they decided on a device not I believe, unknown in the City of London. They amalgamated."

## Fully At Ease

I do not believe that Mr St Laurent was the only one who could have led Canada in the closing stages of the war and the stormy years of war's aftermath. George Drew has splendid qualities of leadership, and in Britain we not only believe in him but we like him.

Forgive me for this excursion. At any rate Mr St Laurent has now concluded his Guildhall speech to great applause and the gathering duly breaks up, because we have to stroll or drive to the Mansion House where the City of London is going to give its new Freeman a bang-up luncheon.

Churchill, who was not at the first function, was present at the luncheon, but with commendable delicacy he did not speak. Instead he looked as if he had eaten ten lollypops.

Once more Mr St Laurent had to enter the oratorical lists, and once more he was excellent. His voice has more notes than we had first thought, and he was completely at ease. Full as we were of sherry, champagne and port we applauded loudly, but we would have done the same if they had served us with water.

## On And On

With a couple of my Parliamentary friends I walked to the House of Commons along the Embankment, and we discussed the mysticism of the British who established sway over so many parts of the world by concluding the impossible. We had been honouring a man of Irish and French background who had come to the Commonwealth Conference as Prime Minister of a mighty Dominion. Yet Ireland's status of a republic had evolved through years of hatred and violence. France and Britain had fought in Europe through the ages, and the battle had spread to Canada. Yet here as the honoured guest of the City of London was an Irish-French Canadian as Canada's Prime Minister.

And listening to him was Mr Nehru, who fought for India's independence beside the saintly Gandhi. They won their struggle and, having won, here is Nehru sitting in conference with the other Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth. Empires rise and fall—but the British Empire, no matter how we change its title, goes on and on.

Nor was I entirely without a local pride in all these doings for I am a Liverman of a City Company and have been told that within the narrow precincts of the ancient City I cannot be arrested for drunkenness and, if I so desire, I can wear a bayonet.

It may or may not be true, but if I see a bayonet going cheap, and if there are many more luncheons like the one to Mr St Laurent, I might put the matter to the test.

LIFE IS  
LONELY  
NOW FOR  
MONTY

From SAM WHITE

Paris. Field Marshal S. Montgomery: "This biggest tragedy that could happen in Europe would be for General Gruenther (the U.S. General who is Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe) to be removed."

What lies behind this characteristic Montgomery statement? Only this—the Field-Marshal has made it clear to friends that he will not serve as Deputy Supreme Commander under anyone else but Gruenther. When Gruenther is replaced Monty will retire.

What chance is there then of Gruenther being recalled to Washington in the near future? Unless Monty's fervent appeals to both Eisenhower and Churchill, succeed—he is recalling to both of them an alleged gentleman's agreement to leave the present team unchanged until at least after the absorption of German divisions into the Western defence forces—Gruenther will be back in Washington by the end of August as U.S. Army Chief of Staff.

## Pressure

The consequent reshuffle is likely to result in U.S. General J. Lawton Collins becoming Supreme Commander, with Field-Marshal Sir John Harding as Monty's successor.

At 88 Monty is becoming conscious of the delicately applied pressure on him to retire.

There has always been something patronising in his friendly references to American generals, and the younger ones are frankly impatient of it. His delay in retiring, too, is also holding up the opportunity for a younger British general to gain the necessary experience.

Montgomery himself is becoming increasingly interested in writing his war memoirs. These are now in a fairly advanced stage and only require freedom from other duties to be ready for publication in a few months.

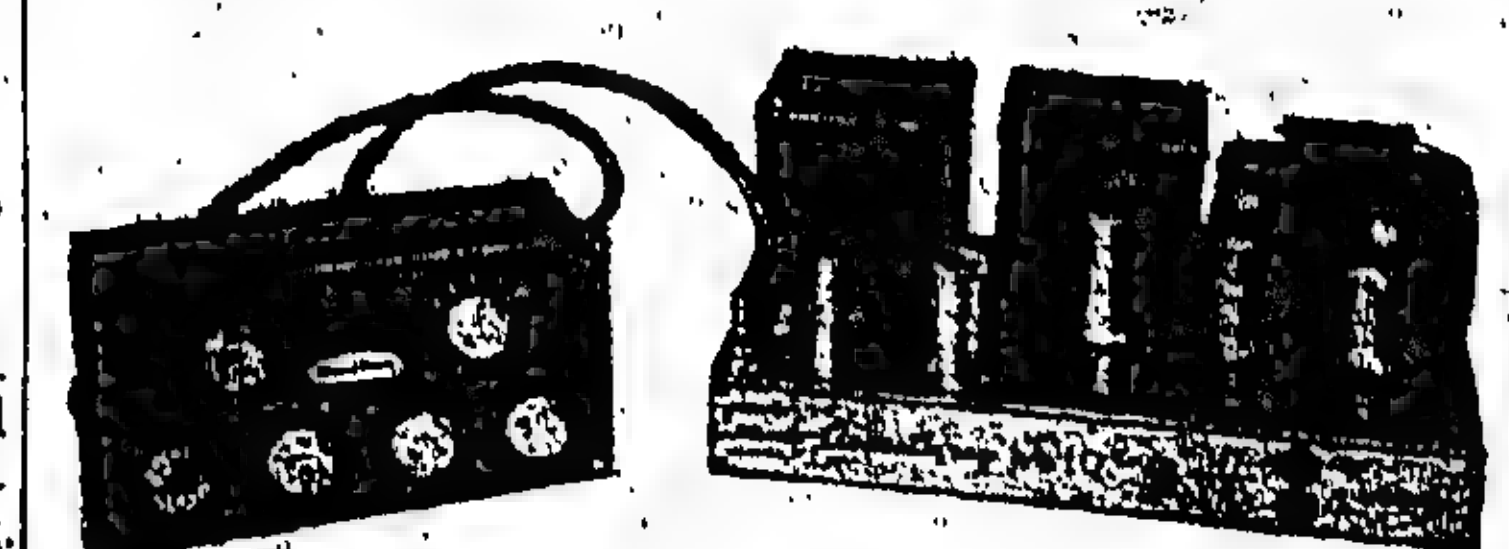
While in France he lives in a 30-bed roomed chateau 40 miles from Paris. The only other inhabitants are two aides and a French navy cook and butler. He has few visitors, reads voraciously in his spare time (mostly histories) and works steadily at his book.

## Separation

His intensely simple and direct religious sense is increasingly manifest in his conversation. He is a heavy contributor to charities and pays anonymously for the education of several sons of families who otherwise would not be able to provide for it.

He feels keenly the separation from his only son David and his grandson—a separation which is likely to be prolonged by the fact that David has been posted to Peru by his firm.

He spends about a third of the year in England and then he takes every opportunity to stay at his Hampshire cottage, so rich in souvenirs and memories of his past.

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"I dare say Gina Lollobrigida did wear one just like it but Gina Lollobrigida wasn't going to a quiet little dinner dance at the Terlock-Smythes!"



WHY did 100,000 people queue to see the Temple of Mithras? I know it was because they were interested in the way other people lived and thought 2,000 years ago. Anyway, that is why I have found C. V. Wedg-

THE NEW BOOKS: BY NANCY SPAIN

# Romance Comes Down To A Soap 'Ring'

wood's account of the 14 years before England's Civil War (Cavalier versus Roundhead), THE KING'S PEACE (Collins, 25s.), so fascinating. And that Civil War was only 300 years ago.

In those days, says C. V. Wedgwood, England was much more class-conscious than now. Some games were "for gentlemen only." A labourer might play ninepins, but not bowls. People ate fashionable French and Italian dishes and jolly old diaries lamented the passing of "the roast beef of old England."

Clothes had a peculiarly snobbish significance. A blacksmith's wife in Ludlow, who dared to wear a dress "more suitable to a merchant's wife" was hooted at... and it was considered downright shocking for working-class people to wear bright boots. (Waste of leather, and what would the hose knitters do without their working-class market?)

## The King's soap

"Soap" was the big national topic. The King had granted a monopoly to a new group of soap-boilers, whose soap didn't wash "half so white" as the King's soap was very inferior. A brisk black market in soap began, and in spite of signed testimonials from "the Queen's Ladies" everyone swore that the King's soap was very inferior. Eventually poor old Charles I had to give in. He had made a thorough fool of himself and a lot of enemies into the bargain.

This short-sighted attitude of Charles I towards soap was typical of his general lack of judgment. He simply did not understand ordinary day-by-day life in England.

Though he was chaste, devout, and kindly, and Church of England to the backbone, his subjects accused him of every sort of unconstitutional crime.

## The Queen's chums

His Queen, Henrietta Maria, whom he adored, was a Roman Catholic and he could refuse her nothing. So it turned out that many of the Queen's chums were found in high places. And they of course were R.C.s too.

No wonder they accused the King of "Popery." Indeed, King Charles's crime was that of criminal stupidity. I hate to admit it, because at

the age of eight I gave him my heart. And what romantic could do less, with all those lace collars and curls and cowering chargers?

But C. V. Wedgwood's brilliantly impartial construction of those testing years has all the exciting ring of truth. Her narrative is as immediate as a daily newspaper.

Her narrative is a woman, and a distinguished one, Christiana Clive Veronica, born in 1910, daughter of Sir Ralph Wedgwood, who was the pre-war L.N.E.R. chief, niece of Josiah, therefore connected with the pottery family.

She is dark-eyed, dark haired, pleasant voiced, an excellent cook, and was the only woman to serve on the Committee of Deprivation of Citizenship.

## Now it's a dozen

She had written 11 books—this one makes up her dozen. She is director of a weekly "heavy" magazine and president of the English Centre of the International P.E.N. Club.

She found difficulty in writing history because of all this public-spirited behaviour, so when she was offered a fellowship by the Institute of Princeton University, U.S., she was delighted. (I. S. Eliot and Albert Einstein also benefited from rich grants.)

She wrote the whole of this volume in Princeton "under perfect working conditions." So she became the only woman I know who can say with perfect truth: "I went to the United States for peace and quiet."

## The Sitwell country

SITWELL. The name clashes like sounding brass across the literary wastes of the twentieth century. Perhaps it might not have clashed so much if it had been the original family name of "Hurr." For the Sitwells changed their name in 1791.

Today a new travel book comes from Sir Osbert Sitwell—THE FOUR CONTINENTS (Macmillan, 25s.).—81-year-old fifth baronet of his line, an Olympian figure whose prose style is lavishly copied by young writers.

Sir Osbert is no penniless adolescent artist. He owns Renishaw Hall, Derbyshire, and Montegut Castle, Florence. He is Lord of the Manors of Bekington and Barborough.

From this rich inheritance Sir Osbert has created 29 books.

Now the man who once established a Worst Book of the Month Club and gave prizes of stuffed fish to the authors of his choice has written a travel book which is well among the worst books of this month. The first two chapters concern his choice of title and two museums in Florida, U.S.A., and Co. Durham. The next describes alleged discovery of Herr Hitler in an aeroplane leaving Rangoon.

## Typical

All of which might be rather fun if Sir Osbert wrote in simple English. But he doesn't. Here is a typical Sitwellian sentence. He is discussing the title of his book:

Moreover, because for nearly two centuries we have lived in a world of five, not four, continents, the ring of it is also perhaps a little old-fashioned—and this is exactly what the book itself is likely to become, since the continents of which I propose to write, and in a manner less limited than its claim as a kind of guidebook could make it notwithstanding—were at their most flamboyant in a century books of travel will be concerned, not as mine is in the main, with an attempt at a new flexibility of writing, a new quickness of mind and rapidity of movement, so that we fly from Asia to Africa and back again in a few moments, nor, for the rest, with talk of the Middle Sea, the Mists of West, and their climates, and with cabbages and machines, and crocodiles—especially crocodiles—and one thing leading to another in a flight of arrows, or one thing deviously dovetailing into another, as the past does to the future—as I hope it does now while you read—nor with the learning post and dwindling future of this world, but with those other worlds besides our own that we now only see in night skies glittering and enigmatic, and with their outlandish residents.

Wow. There now. What do you think of that? I have read it aloud to myself four times, and I still haven't the remotest idea what it means.

So (as I have no stuffed fish about me) I will offer one quinea to anyone who can explain it to my satisfaction. Sitwells are particularly welcome.

## Not the least

Wow. There now. What do you think of that? I have read it aloud to myself four times, and I still haven't the remotest idea what it means.

So (as I have no stuffed fish about me) I will offer one quinea to anyone who can explain it to my satisfaction. Sitwells are particularly welcome.

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So (as I have no stuffed fish about me) I will offer one quinea to anyone who can explain it to my satisfaction. Sitwells are particularly welcome.

# PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

## NO MORE CIGARS

The wax figure of Sir Winston Churchill at Paris's Grévin Museum gets through more cigars a day than the great man does himself.

Which has led Madame Maxime Thomas, who runs the museum, to decide that in future the figure must be in complete. No cigar. Not even an imitation cigar.

Said Madame Thomas, at the launching of a barge which will take Sir Winston and other wax figures on a canal tour through provincial France: "Sir Winston will go without his cigar. Because they disappear at fantastic speed into the pockets of souvenir hunters."

And it was no good using false cigars because they cost far more than the real thing.

## CHESS CRAZE

A "chess for factories" campaign in Germany is stimulating a revival of interest in chess as a means of relaxation.

The German Chess Association, founded in 1877, today embraces 2,000 chess clubs with a total of almost 100,000 members. These members, scattered throughout the German Federal Republic, include bank directors, unskilled labourers, Ministers, civil servants, street-car conductors, doctors and messenger boys.

One of the biggest increases in chess players, however, has been in the factories. Factory chess teams, in fact, are now so popular that many factories contribute as many as four teams each to inter-factory competitions.

## WITHOUT TEARS

Cocktail time is pigeon-shooting season in Montecarlo where the studded Monte Carlo where the pigeon-shooting season has just started.

Shooting pigeons in Montecarlo, however, is a very different matter from shooting pigeons almost anywhere else. Here is a sport for the wealthy only, a sport which calls for no greater hardship than leaving one's cocktail on the "steward terrace of the Casino for a few minutes at a time.

Just below the Casino lies a small, circular platform where the "sportsmen" take their stand, rifles in hand. At the extreme edge of the platform, overlooking the blue Mediterranean, a series of trap doors opens suddenly and at irregular intervals. The "sport" consists of potting the white pigeons which fly out of these trap doors and seldom manage to travel more than a dozen yards before they are hit.

by the bullets of the intrepid marksmen. Until the end of March, pigeons will be regularly and rubbishly shot for prizes totalling nearly £30,000 in cash and five gold medals.

## ANTI-KISS POLICE

An anti-kissing campaign in Italian cinemas is landing unwary romantics in the audience in trouble—and in gaol. In Milan a hundred people were detained when police swooped on three cinemas. Victims included young men and teenage girls caught cuddling—an offence against Italian public decency laws.

The operation was swift and sudden, and anti-kissing police moved silently into the darkened cinemas, took up strategic positions close to the back rows, and then switched the lights on.

Kissing in Italian cinemas is now a risky business. In fact, the morality squads are determined to stamp it out, and offenders are whisked off to the central police station in canvas-topped lorries, their names put on a warning register and, if they cannot produce their identity cards, are held in custody until identification is possible.

## PORTABLE MEAL

Matchbox-size breakfasts have just been perfected by German food expert, 47-year-old Johannes Barth of Berlin. "Barth's Breakfast" as the meal may become known, consists of small portions "sticks" of food made up of organic ingredients, mainly plant extracts.

The extracts swell as soon as they enter the stomach and give the would-be dieter or rushed businessman the feeling of having enjoyed a good breakfast.

The idea of the concentrated meal came to Barth when he was a prisoner of war, and his first matchbox menu consisted of stinging nettles and horse tails. "The ingredients," he says, "have been improved since then."

## BLIND INSTINCT

Do whales, the world's largest mammals, have some blind primeval instinct which forces them at certain times to seek the land?

Scientists wonder this again when a school of 68 black pilot whales drove ashore on a high spring tide in the wild Orkney Islands, to the north of Scotland.

The watching crofters of Westray Island had feared for them as they played in the shallow waters for some days previously.

## STATION TOPPER

The travelling public of Carlisle were sorry when local stationmasters stopped wearing frock coats which were a familiar sight on the Citadel Station platforms for generations up to August 1952, when the practice was suspended.

The British Transport Commission has now decided that the present Stationmaster, Mr T. C. Richards, and his successors, will be entitled to wear the distinctive dress, to once again mark the importance of Carlisle as a railway centre and gateway to Scotland, when he is in attendance on the Royal Train, when other important persons are known to be travelling there and when the principal Anglo-Scottish expresses are passing through the station. They include the Royal Scot and the Mid-Day Scot.

## FUMING WOMEN

Women temperance workers in New Zealand are fuming at the government.

While they are going round trying to persuade everybody to give up the bottle, they say the government is as good as encouraging mass imbibing.

Last week they blasted it for allowing its radio network to broadcast recipes in women's sessions which included such directions as: "Now, add three glasses of dry sherry. Mix well."

To a nation which, per head, has as high a beer-drinking record as any other they declare: "This is an insidious way of inducing people to have liquor in their homes."

## CLUB CRAZY

A new Club—the Abominable Snowman—has just been launched in Valencia, on the West coast of Spain.

The Club founders ("we chose the name because, since the Abominable Snowman will never be found, we are not exposing ourselves to the danger of having to give banquets and receptions in his honour") add that the real object of the Club is to organise excursions for its members to the snow-capped mountains behind the city.

To become a member it is apparently sufficient to ask for admission. Which—rather than an interest in the Abominable Snowman—may explain why over 100 members joined within the first two days of the Club being formed.

## NOT VERY HELPFUL

When Sir Graham Cunningham lectured to prisoners in Wormwood Scrubs recently he said he had chosen a "safe subject"—safety glass.

This in contrast to a friend who once sang at a concert in Dartmoor and chose "Bless This House." Sir Graham said he never got beyond the line: "Bless these walls so firm and stout, keeping want and trouble out."

But Sir Graham's lecture was not without incident. He invited two of the audience to smash a sheet of glass with a heavy hammer. When they failed Sir Graham explained: "It will not break—it is laminated safety glass."

Someone in the audience shouted: "Not very helpful in a smash-and-grab job!"

# VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Crazy Mixed-Up April Fool

BY HARRY WEINERT













## LEAGUE CRICKET

## KCC WENT ABOUT WINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP POINTS IN A WORKMANLIKE WAY

By "LEG GUARD"

A quick and decisive answer was given to my question last week, "Can KCC win the Championship?" when they outplayed Army North on an easy-playing pitch at Sookunpoo, beat them by six wickets and so collected the four vital points, needed by them for the Senior League title.

This game found the Kowloonites in their best and most formidable form. On a wicket which gave no obvious assistance to bowlers, "Buddy" Carnell demoralised the Army's early batsmen, and when he returned after a breather for the purpose of breaking up a lively partnership between Lipscombe and Fillingham, he struck a blow immediately, bowling Fillingham with probably the best ball he has delivered this season.

It pitched about four inches outside the off stump and came back like lightning to hit the wicket.

Lipscombe and Fillingham demonstrated that it was not the fault of the pitch which caused the Army to lose their first six batsmen for 48 runs.

Playing the bowling on its merits (and after Carnell had retired from his first spell, some demerits also were discernible) they put on 53 runs in a style and looked as though they were going to pull the game round completely for the soldiers.

They were aided to some degree by Bell's erratic direction (he bowled far too many balls wide of the leg stump), but both had to watch Willie Davidson closely.

Davidson bowled intelligently on the easy-paced wicket, varying his pace and flight, and the most part keeping an immaculate length. The ball which beat Lipscombe and had him stumped by Zimmerman was beautifully flighted, and it also "dipped" sharply.

Army North's meagre total of 123 was a tribute to the brilliance of Carnell and Davidson. On current form Carnell shares with Clark and Davidson the distinction of being the best fast bowlers in the Colony.

**IRRESISTIBLE FORM**  
The KCC innings in reply to the Army's score was, in fact, Pat Dodge's innings. Dodge was in irresistible form. Without giving a chance he raced to his half century in 50 minutes and when the winning hit was made he had scored 74 in an hour and five minutes.

For Dodge it was probably the most satisfying knock he has had this season. He made only one stonky shot, but his three hits out of the ground were superbly timed.

There was something very workmanlike in the way the KCC went about winning this match, and on such form no one would begrudge them the Championship.

## ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. 1829.
2. Archie Moore of America.
3. Jersey Joe Walcott.
4. Baseball between Brooklyn Dodgers and New York Yankees. Tennis between Jean Borotra and Bill Tilden.
5. Jersey Joe Walcott, Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson.
6. Reg Harris.
7. Bryan Marshall.
8. Ken Rosewall of Australia.
9. 1896 in Athens.
10. I. Oigimura of Japan.

## Nominate YOUR

## Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate whom they consider to be Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be received until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to The Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

To The Editor, China Mail.

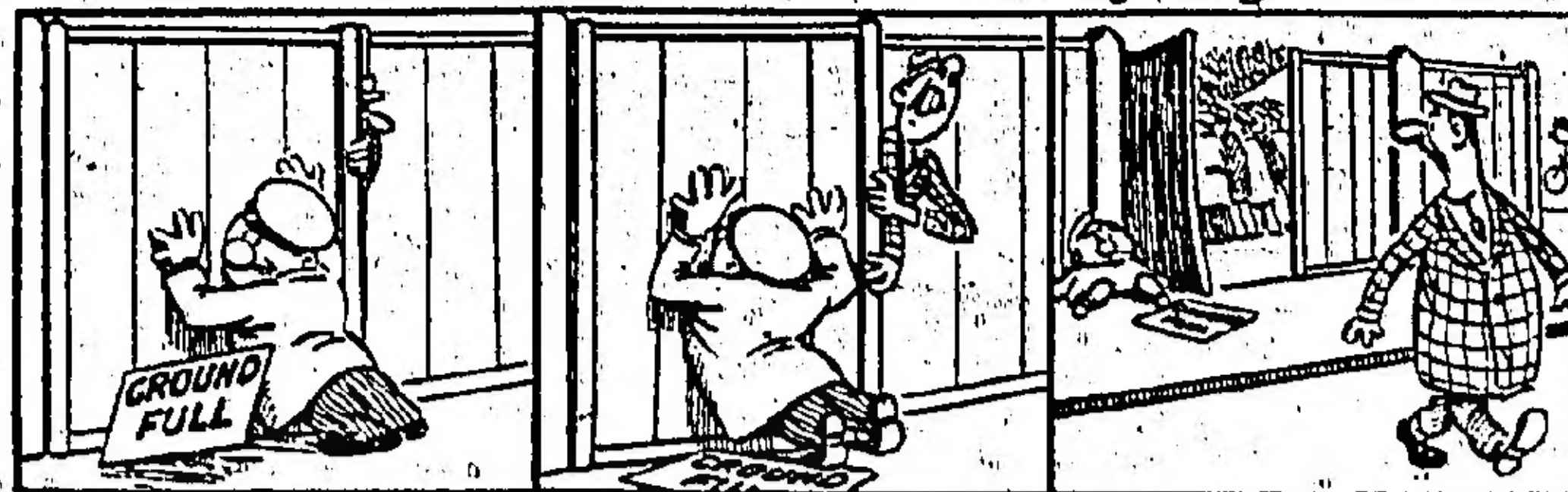
My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the ..... Club.

(Signed) .....

## SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



STARTING TODAY AT CAROLINE HILL

## Several Records May Fall At The Colony Athletic Championships

By "RECORDER"

The Fifth Annual HKAAA Athletic Championships start this afternoon at 2.15 with the heats of the 100 Metres. All competitors are requested to be on the ground by 1.45 p.m. to receive their numbers.

Several Colony records are likely to fall, but as ground conditions are unpredictable there is no certainty that any will despite the presence of several potential record-breakers.

Likeliest records to fall are those for the 800 or 1,500 Metres, 400 Metres Hurdles, 400 and 1,800 Metres Relays, Hop, Step and Jump and Ladies' 200 Metres.

The Championships' classic will be the 400 Metres Hurdles and Lt. D. J. McNab's four-year-old record of 61.0 seconds is most unlikely to survive.

There are seven entries for this event and the heats today will be as interesting as the final tomorrow. To ensure a fair deal for all, only five runners will go into the final. First and second in either heat and the fastest third quality and there will be no easy canter over the hurdles to reach the final.

The draw places Hung Chee-kee, Ho Hit-po, Malcolm Marsh and Roy Bell in the first heat while Tony Collaco, S/Sgt. R. Walcott and Leung Kam-ching are in the other.

The four in the first heat have had the bad luck of the draw, but this heat is likelier to produce the fastest third as all four are evenly matched. Marsh is an unknown quantity, but his speed on the flat is an advantage he holds over the opposition.

In the other heat Leung Kam-ching is a fast starter and is likely, as usual, to establish a long early lead. His finish is unpredictable but it must be borne in mind that at Kai Tak two seasons ago he came near to creating the upset of the season in this event.

Neither Collaco nor Walcott can afford to enter unless they are certain of second place and they will not be very certain of this till at least the eighth hurdle.

There is no saying who will emerge victor in the final. It is one of the most open races in years and it is not unlikely that the Colony record may fall in either or both of the heats as well as in the final.

**WHO WILL BE SECOND?**  
There is a fast field in the 100 Metres also and at least one outstanding sprinter will not reach the final. Stephen Xavier is still without peer in this event, but who will predict second place between Petrie, Marques, Wong Man-wan, McCall, Loureiro and Fung Kait-lee? Nerves in the final will decide the issue.

The 200 Metres has not attracted some of the better sprinters who prefer to concentrate on the 100 or have moved up to the 400. Xavier is a certain winner and second place should be between D. E. Clouting, Cpl. T. E. Dane, Fung Kait-lee and Hung Chee-kee.

In the 400 Metres first place is between Lt. M. C. Sweeney and Malcolm Marsh and this should be a terrific race. Third place should be decided between Leung Kam-po, Cpl. Dane and Cheung Chek-yin.

The first heat of the 800 Metres should see a great race between 2/Lt. D. H. Jenkinson, Leo Shu-chung, Frank Waller and Wong Ka-yiu for the three qualifying places behind Lt. Burch. Leung Kam-po has had the luck of the draw in the other heat with only Mike Curzon to trail.

There are 17 entries for the 1,500 Metres. Lt. Burch should have no great difficulty in completing the double and Mike Curzon is again a likely second, though Lt. Jenkinson may challenge him for that.

There are 23 entries for the 5,000 Metres and quite a few likely winners of the event. Bruce Tulloh will start as favourite, but he has no definite edge on Cpl. A. L. Smith of the Northampton, Gt. Scot or Chan King-yin. Also not to be ignored as potential winners are Au Ching-sing and 2/Lt. P.J.R. Alderton. It may be correct to say that it will not be the best man but the best tactician who will win here.

Tulloh and Smith hold the edge in this respect, but both Chan King-yin and Au Ching-sing may upset everybody's calculations by a continued struggle for the leadership right throughout the race.

It must be borne in mind that King-yin could stick with Coburn for 11½ or 12½ laps, and Coburn's Colony record

## MEET THE 1956 JIM PETERS

By Desmond Hackett

**JOHNNY JOHNSTON** has found the new Jim Peters, the man who will one day take over where that fabulous, record-wrecking iron man so reluctantly left off from treading that 26-mile, 385-yard torture trail they call the marathon route.

And Johnny Johnston should know. He was the man who talked Jim Peters into the marathon mood. He was the man who collected his experience the extremely hard way running against Paavo Nurmi in the 1924 and 1928 Olympics.

The new name to remember is Eddie Kirkup, of Merton, Surrey.

You would have thought this quiet, earnest 24-year-old bachelor would have been content with his open-air job as a stonemason, enjoying home cooking and a five-day week.

But not a bit. He wants to be the new Jim Peters, and he has a three-year plan that makes hard labour look like a rest cure.

This is Eddie Kirkup's idea of a pleasant week: Monday, Wednesday, Friday—lunch-time, five miles fast running; 20 minutes at 5 minutes 50 seconds a mile; Tuesday and Thursday—lunch-time, five fast miles; evening, 10 miles at 5 minutes 10 seconds a mile; Saturday and Sunday—10 miles cross-country, seven miles road work.

And, as his labours through this slogging routine, Kirkup sees the bright challenge of a place in the 1956 Olympic Games team, running as Jim Peters did—for England.

The spirit of Jim Peters lives on in these chats.

## SKILLFUL SCOT

It glows warmly in such performers as John McLaren, a 20-year-old Scot who holds the Scottish and English junior cross-country titles and is the

first Scottish runner to get away with an English title.

That is the skill of McLaren. The courage of a polo attack 17 years ago which left him with a useless left arm.

McLaren won his English title at Bedford earlier this month and went straight to hospital because he had been badly spiked during the race. In hospital McLaren was told: "You will stay the night."

But this frail lad, even stinner than Thin Man Gordon Pirie, replied: "Ah! No, I'm away for my prize."

He arrived at the prize-giving as the officials announced: "McLaren cannot attend owing to an injury."

McLaren, slipping his slight frame through the crowds, stepped up to the platform and announced: "Ah! I take my prize, please."

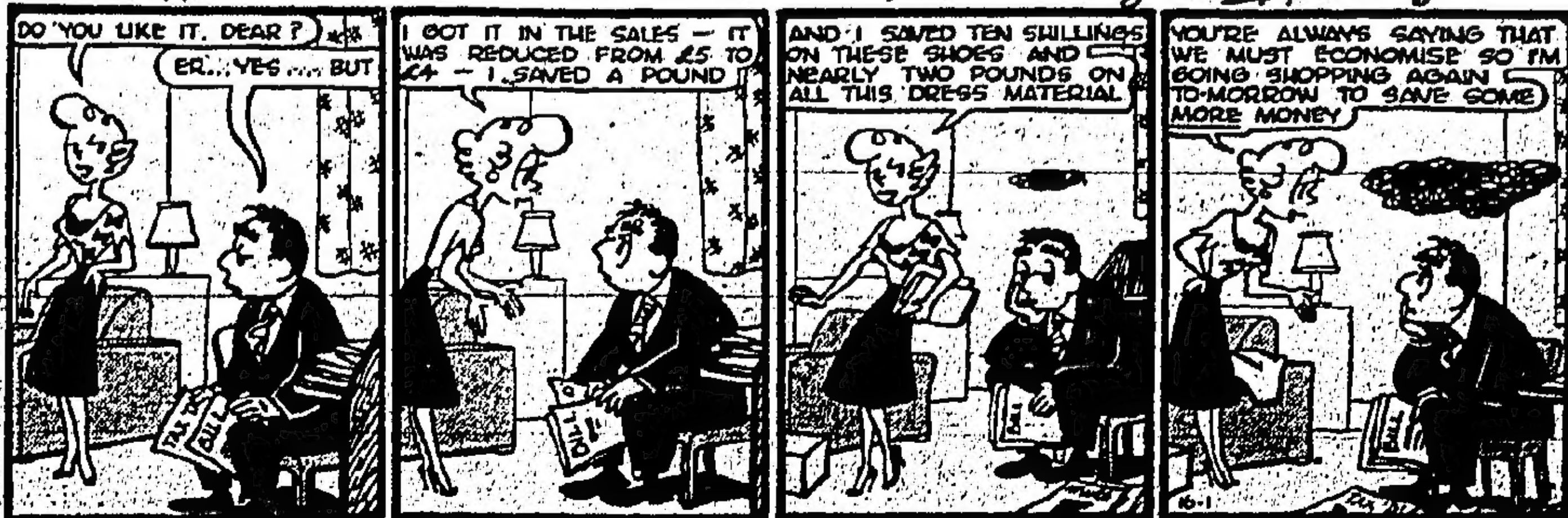
That is the spirit that Jim Peters was hoping to hand on after receiving the Daily Express trophy, the Badge of Courage, inspired by his Olympic marathon epic in Vancouver.

This is the spirit he sought when he handed back the trophy and said: "Keep this as a yearly award to the athlete who shows courage and endurance and he need not be a champion."

(London Express Service)

## THE GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



## GAYMER'S CYDER

DIAMOND BRAND  
MEDIUM  
SWEET

Sole Agents:  
Swire & Matsons Ltd.

Wherever you are



Choose

BOOTH'S

FINEST DRY GIN

Sole Distributors: CALDBECK MACGREGOR &amp; CO., LTD.

Enjoy Super Constellation service...

Fly KLM

Bangkok to Europe

You'll find KLM flights the last word in luxury! There are three comfortable cabins to choose from—one for tourist passengers and two first class cabins with complimentary "Sleepair" Deluxe and an attractive lounge. KLM Super Constellations leave Bangkok for Europe Tuesday, Friday and Saturday. Daily through connections to New York from Amsterdam are scheduled. Book now—for the flight of a lifetime—with KLM!

IT'S ON RECOMMENDATION THAT NINE OUT OF TEN OF OUR PASSENGERS FLY KLM. For fares, times schedules and reservations, contact your Travel Agent or Philippine Air Lines, Inc., General Sales Agent for KLM in Hong Kong, Peninsula Hotel, Kowloon.



**KLM**  
ROYAL DUTCH  
AIRLINES

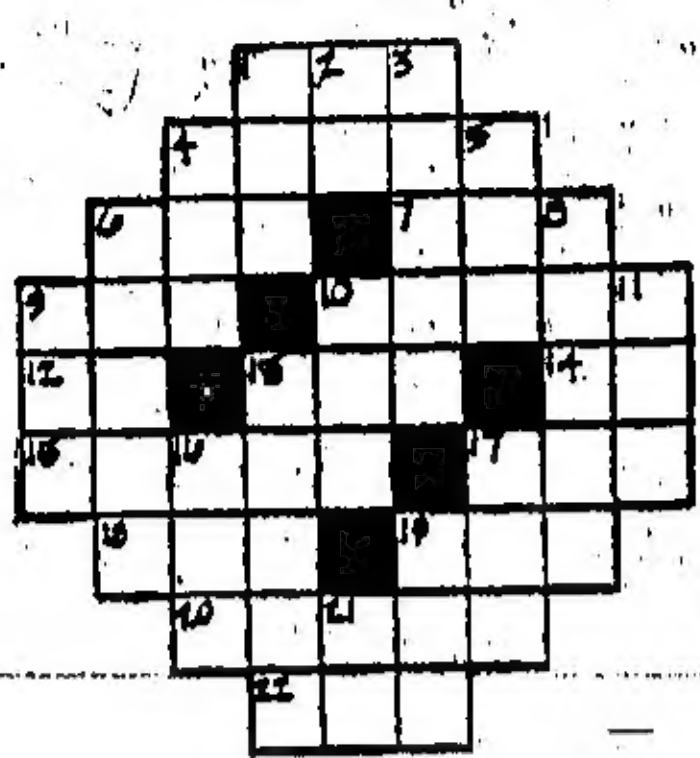
- TODAY'S EVENTS**  
2.15 p.m.—100 Metres heats.  
2.15—High Jump qualifying round.  
2.15—Javelin Throw qualifying round.  
2.30—100 Metres (Ladies) heats.  
2.40—400 Metres heats.  
3.00—100 Metres semi-final.  
3.15—400 Metres Hurdles heats.  
3.15—Long Jump qualifying round.  
3.30—400 Metres heats.  
3.45—200 Metres heats.  
4.00—Discus Throw qualifying round.  
4.15—400 Metres semi-final.  
4.30—Hop, Step and Jump qualifying round.  
4.45—200 Metres semi-final.  
5.00—4x100 Metres Relay heats.  
5.20—4x400 Metres Relay heats.



# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

### CROSSWORD



### ACROSS

- 1 Craft
- 4 Embellish
- 6 Fish
- 7 Above (pool)
- 9 Conclusion
- 10 Musteline mammal
- 12 Paid notice in a newspaper
- 13 Transposes (adj.)
- 14 Parent
- 15 Diadem
- 17 Tear
- 18 Exist
- 19 Perched
- 20 Bog
- 22 Golf mound

### DOWN

- 1 Fruit drink
- 2 International language
- 3 Horses' gait
- 4 Augment
- 5 Seine
- 6 Asiatic nation
- 8 Send payment
- 9 Dine
- 10 British money of account
- 11 Knock
- 13 Play the part of host
- 16 Upper limb
- 17 College choir
- 19 Compass point
- 21 Musical note

## Games With Words

### Riddles

1. When is a boy like a pony?
2. What driver never gets arrested?
3. What asks no questions, but requires many answers?
4. What building in your city has the most stories?
5. When was beef the highest it has ever been?
6. Why do ducks and geese fly north in the spring?

### Country Cousins

These are your "country" cousins: DOMINIC, POLA, ALAN, OLIVIA, ADA, MARK, IRA, ALY.

1. B
2. n
3. It
4. an Republic
5. Can
6. New Ze
7. Den
8. nd

(Answers on Page 20)

## 400's WHO

RACCOONS GO TO SLEEP WHEN FOOD IS SCARCE IN WINTER AND PURRING MILD SPELLS, OFTEN LEAVE THE DEN AT NIGHT TO SATISFY THEIR APPETITES.

ANCIENT EGYPTIANS EMBALMED ANIMALS AS WELL AS HUMANS.

MOUND BIRDS LAY THEIR EGGS IN HUGE MOUNDS OF EARTH WHICH THEY SCRAPE TOGETHER WITH THEIR FEET. THEY MIX LEAVES AND OTHER PLANT LIFE WHICH GIVES OFF HEAT AS IT DECAYS WITH HEAT AND THE SUN'S HEAT WARMES THE EGGS.

### TRIANGLE

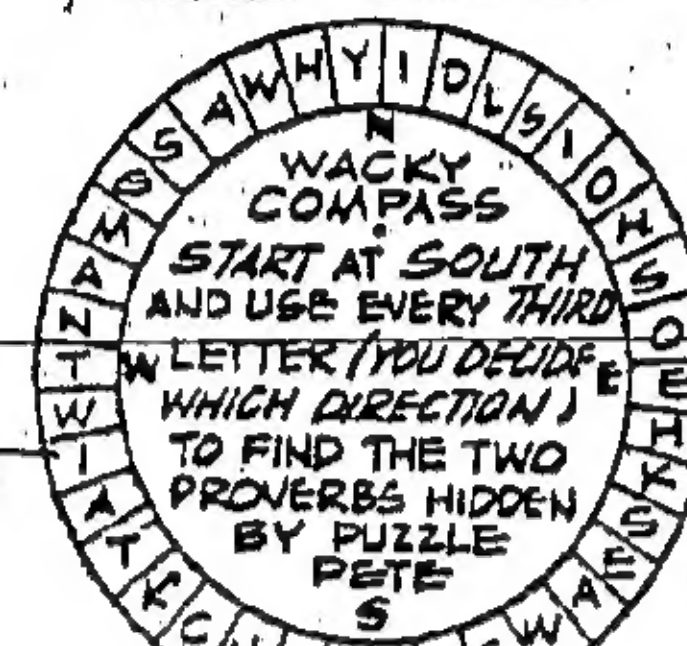
BANNERS provide a base for today's triangle. The second word is "an Egyptian sun god"; third "an Oriental coin"; fourth "bridge"; fifth "shovel"; and sixth "peruser." Complete the triangle from these clues:

B  
A  
N  
N  
E  
R

### DETAILED WORDS

De-tail "Utopian" and have "a motion"; repeat and have "a fish"; once, more and have "a hypothetical structural unit."

### WACKY COMPASS



### ADD-A-GRAMS

Add a letter to "born" and scramble for "a year between 12 and 20"; scramble this and add another letter for "to penetrate"; repeat for "latest"; and once more for "corer."

(Solutions on Page 20)

## HOW TO APRIL FOOL TRICK

DO AN APRIL FOOL TRICK

6-0-DOPS! EXCUSE ME

GET SET FOR YOUR TRICK LIKE THIS...

1. Thread a NEEDLE with bright colored THREAD. Leave the thread attached to spool.

2. Put the thread through a shoulder seam in your jacket.

3. PUT ON YOUR JACKET AND DROP THE SPOOL INTO YOUR SHIRT POCKET.

OH MY! I'M UNRAVELING YOUR JACKET!

APRIL FOOL!

APRIL FOOL!

APRIL FOOL!

APRIL FOOL!

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APRIL FOOL!

## For Fun, Protection, Learn Basic Boxing

By Jay Worthington

### THE BIG DIFFERENCE

between fighting and boxing is that a boy who wants to fight usually has lost control of himself. The boxer knows what he is doing.

Boxing is both a sport and a science, as the accompanying pictures show. Notice that the fist is held in an up-and-down position, with the thumb knuckle on top. This is the ONLY correct position for the two best punches: the LEFT JAB and the RIGHT CROSS. If your palm turns either way you will lose power, and you may also injure your hand.

★ ★ ★

The hand should be relaxed until the instant before contact. Then the fist is snapped shut, and the punch is delivered with fist, arm, and shoulder all locked in one straight line, for the most power. Always aim to hit with the knuckle next to your little finger. If you do this, the three biggest knuckles will share the load. This not only saves broken bones in your hand, but also results in a better punch.

Notice that the boy's left foot is forward when he shoots his left jab, but that his right foot is forward when he crosses with his right hand. The "anchor" foot, in other words, is always on the opposite side from the hand doing the punching. On defense, for this reason, you can usually expect an opponent to try a left-hand punch if his left foot is forward, or vice versa.

★ ★ ★

Condition is probably more important to a boxer than to any other athlete. When you try boxing three or four rounds the first time, you may be astonished to

### HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF

Hold your fist like this inside your glove. HOW TO PUNCH. THUMB OUTSIDE. FIST TIGHT AND WRIST STRAIGHT.

ELBOWS IN. KNEES SPRING. STAND LIKE THIS. LEFT JAB.

RIGHT CROSS.

KEEP HIM AWAY WITH LEFT JABS... BLOCK HIS LEFT JAB WITH YOUR LEFT...

KEEP YOUR GUARD UP ALL TIMES!

find how heavy your arms become. A boxer who is too tired to keep his hands up cannot defend himself.

This explains why professionals train for weeks before a bout, running miles of roadwork and punching heavy bags for hours.

Find a teacher or experienced boxer to guide you, if you find yourself becoming serious about boxing. Your instructor knows that boxing can be a dangerous game, and he will protect you from being matched against opponents with more experience than you.

A right-handed boxer usually "leads" with left jabs, keeping his opponent off balance or setting him up for the stronger right hand. The famous "one-two" punch is a left jab to the body followed quickly by a right cross to the head.

The boxer protects his face on the left by tucking his chin behind his left shoulder and extending his left arm, and on the right side with his right glove held close to his chin. From this position he can throw punches or defend himself.

Condition is probably more important to a boxer than to any other athlete. When you try boxing three or four rounds the first time, you may be astonished to

## April Fools' Day Fools All

By Lee Priestley

### LOTS OF FOOLISHNESS

but very few facts are associated with April 1 (next Friday). We know little more than did Poor Robin who, in 1760, wrote in his Almanack:

"The First of April some do say,

Is set apart for All Fools' Day.

Why the people call it so, Nor I, nor they themselves do know."

Certainly there's something about April that makes for foolishness all over the world. April Fool and April First are synonyms for mischief and pranks in many lands.

### NONSENSE SOLUTIONS

In India the day is called "Huli" and nonsense solutions for all problems are given. In Greece children ask trick questions of passers-by. In France an April Fool is called "poisson d'avril" (April fish) because in that month fish would be young and therefore easily caught.

A famous celebration of All Fools' day took place in England during the 12th century. Then the "wise fools of Gotham" used nonsense to save their meadows from King John. Learning that the tyrannical king planned to march his army through their best lands, thereby making it the king's highway, the Gothamites dared to protest. Outraged, the king sent messengers to find out what kind of people lived in the village so that proper punishment might be devised for them.

Arriving on All Fools' day, the royal messengers found serious farmers trying to drown a fish in the village pond. Unsmiling housewives rolled huge cheeses down hill because that was the quickest way to get them to market!

### THE WISE FOOLS

When these antics were reported to the king, he decided that his highway should bypass such a collection of idiots. As the story spread, the inhabitants of the village became known as the Wise Fools of Gotham.

Possibly April Fools' day came about when the calendar was corrected in England. When the date of the new year was changed from the last of March to the first of January, the old date was celebrated as the new year on the old date. So they were teased by being dubbed "April Fools."

Actually no one really cares why All Fools' day is celebrated. What boy or girl needs more than an excuse to have fun?

## Rupert and the Broken Plate—31



Rupert does not think it right to get so much money for nothing but the strange gentleman insists with many smiles and much happy talk, of which the little bear cannot understand a word. Soon, waving his hat and his stick, the leather bag he takes his

leave. Rupert is quite bewildered. Then he rushes indoors, heard the sound of strange voices. "Mr. Bear," said a voice, "And where have you got all that money from?" And Rupert, full of excitement, tries to tell her everything as soon as he can.

## A Faucet For Rain

—General Tin Says It's Atop Mt. Everest—

By MAX TRELL

TEDDY the Stuffed Bear said to Knarf, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name: "It's been raining since early this morning. Now it's three o'clock in the afternoon and it's still raining. 'Can't somebody turn it off?'"

"I don't think so," said Knarf.

"Why not?" asked Teddy. Knarf didn't say anything so Teddy continued, saying the words slowly as though he were talking to himself or thinking out loud: "There must be a faucet somewhere. But where is it? Where's the faucet that turns off the rain?"

Then Teddy asked Mr Punch and he said: "Yes, there is such a faucet, but no one knows where it is."

General Tin the Tin Soldier said: "I know where it is. It's on top of Mt Everest in Asia."

"By the time we get there," said Teddy, "the rain will stop anyway."

### A Matter of Doubt

"That's the trouble," said General Tin. "And anyway, I'm not sure that rain-faucet is on top of Mt Everest. Maybe it's on the top of some other mountain."

Finally Mr Merlin the Magician came along and Teddy at once asked him about the rain-faucet to turn off the rain. "Is it on the top of Mt Everest?"

"No," said Mr Merlin.

"That's what I was afraid of," said General Tin. "Where is it now?"

"Here it is!" shouted Teddy.

Sure enough, there was a faucet. It looked like a regular faucet except for one thing. It wasn't attached to any pipe. It was just a faucet.

"Turn it!" somebody said. So Mr Merlin gave it a turn.

### Just Like A Shower

You know what happened? The rain came down harder!

Then Mr Merlin turned it the other way and the rain turned into a fine drizzle and then stopped!

But when they all went out to have another look at the faucet the next morning, it was gone! It probably went back to Mt Everest! General Tin said gloomily: "Less chance of anybody finding around with it up there!"

## A Challenge From America

AMERICA'S stamps have a variety almost as infinite as the country itself. They vary from those "old faithfuls" showing George Washington, through the whole range of the country's life and mighty endeavour.

One of the latest to reach Britain shows a dignified old gentleman raising the curtain on an inside view of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

This noble institution is now celebrating its 150th birthday. And, like most organisations of its kind in America's cultural life, it has much of which to be proud.

America has always been anxious to import the best of art and culture that the Old World can offer.

Fine art in every field—but perhaps especially in painting—has been the primary target of U.S. dealers and collectors who combed and are still combing the world.

This new stamp is, in its way, a celebration of those treasure seekers' success. It is too, a challenge to Britain and other countries of the Old World. Perhaps we let our art treasures go too easily.

The stamp is perforated 1½; recess-printed and costs 6d in London.—J. A. A.



Teddy finds the rain faucet in the garden.

"The last I heard of it," said Mr Merlin, "it was under a pile of leaves in somebody's garden."

Teddy and Knarf and everyone else in the room grew very excited, demanding of Mr Merlin that he tell them in whose garden it was.

"Just somebody's garden," repeated Mr Merlin. "Under somebody's pile of old leaves."

"It might just as well be on the top of Mt Everest in Asia," grumbled General Tin. "There's a pile of old leaves in almost everybody's garden."

"We could advertise in the paper," said Mr Punch.

"Yes," said Knarf. "If everybody looks under his pile of leaves for a faucet, I'm sure somebody will finally find it. Wouldn't that be wonderful?"

Mr Merlin said: "Wouldn't it surprise us all if that faucet were under the pile of leaves in our garden?"

Instantly, everybody put on rubbers and raincoats and grabbed umbrellas and ran out into the garden to look under the pile of old leaves.

"Here it is!" shouted Teddy.

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"While you were phoning, I ordered for both of us."

## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, MARCH 26

BORN today, you have an exceptional memory which is one of your best assets in any career you undertake. It will be especially helpful in a job that calls for detail work or in one where you have daily contact with large groups of people. Since you have executive ability, it is likely that you will find yourself at the head of some large enterprise if you enter the financial or business world.

Actually, you also have gifts in the field of music, literature and art. Whether or not to make use of them as a life career or merely to relate them to the status of an avocation will be entirely up to you. You are one who likes to "get on" in the world and if the arts fail to offer you a substantial income, you may decide for business. Then, when you have retired or have made your fortune, you can spend the balance of your life in the enjoyment of artistic and intellectual pleasures.

Although you have a serious, contemplative mind, one which likes to explore all the facts of a matter, there is also a gay and lighter side to your nature. You are a good mixer and can be amusing, imitative and the life of any party. You women, particularly, are personally attractive and know how to dress becomingly and in the height of fashion. In fact, you often create the fashions which others follow.

Among those born on this date are: Robert Frost and A. E. Housman, poets; John B. Thomas, composer; Edward Bellamy and William Lecky, authors; Gonde Nast, noted publisher; Thomas Sherwin, educator; and William T. Smedley, painter.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MARCH 27

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If perplexed by some emotional problem, you may find the answer by seeking out spiritual advice.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Plan a social event at home with the family and close friends to have an especially pleasant time.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Church attendance should bring renewed hope and cheer. A good sermon can be a fine spiritual tonic.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Don't let your emotions get out of control. It may be important to remain cool, calm and collected.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—In planning your day, be careful that you do nothing in haste. There is a chance of accident, if you hurry.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This is likely to be a family day. Enjoy yourself, surrounded by those you love the best.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Get out into the open today, problem, you may find the answer by seeking out spiritual advice.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Follow your favourite hobby today. Whether it is reading, the arts, painting or whatever—have fun!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—The mind, as well as the body, needs nourishment. A good sermon, a lecture or some good music helps.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—The outdoors can be very beautiful at this time of year. Try to get out and enjoy the spring.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Forget the workaday world and let down tensions by appropriate rest and recreation today.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Make the most of friendly asides. Invite friends in or pay some afternoon calls, yourself.

BORN today, you have broad, expansive vision and like to do everything on a large scale. You like to organise a project and then let others do the less exciting detail work. This is all right, if you have complete confidence in your associates. Fortunately, you are intuitively wise in selecting your co-workers and can size up a person fairly accurately at first sight.

Generous and sympathetic to the troubles of others, you have patience even with those who seem unable to help themselves. You like to give advice. If a person follows it and reaps success, you consider it another example of how easy it is to solve problems—provided one goes about it in the right way! You should take into consideration that all people are not as ingenious as you are.

Your emotions are strong and you have moods which you must learn to get under control early in life. Otherwise they will lead you around by the nose. An early marriage might bring you exceptional happiness. You women are a type to succeed with a career in addition to marriage.

Among those born on this date are: Brainerd Lyman, noted clergyman; Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms, stateswoman; George S. Coe, financier; Louis XVIII of France, and Gloria Swanson and Genevieve Ward, actresses.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MARCH 28

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Best for you to stick fairly closely to regular routine. Pay strict attention to detail work, angles.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—If you have been careless about your budget lately, this might be a good time to check up on it.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Self-control and patience with all the family may be the one and only solution to your problems.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—If there are tears and setbacks in your previously planned schedule, be as patient as you can. It's only temporary.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Get back on the job with a positive attitude toward getting a set objective accomplished for today.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Conservative action is best. It is not the time for you to embark upon anything highly speculative.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Check on all business details very carefully. Expand your interests only after checking all angles.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—If you are in merchandising and are your own boss, then aspects for making a profit are excellent.







